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NOVEMBER 29, 1947

PRICE



The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Beach Fashions, p. 11

Christmas shopping WITHOUT TEARS

At last! The Christmas-shopping problem solved. No more wondering and worrying what to give who. Here it is all worked out for you in detail. In the guides below you will find presents for every member of the family, including Auntie and Gran, nieces and nephews. You will find "the very thing" for your best beau, for your girl friend and for the lasses at work. Some of the gifts you can make yourself (the idea is outlined and your own ingenuity will do the rest). There are practical gifts, novel gifts, gifts that are special presents and others that are merely little thoughts with which to say "Merry Christmas". And, remarkably enough, they are all made from wool! Which only goes to show how versatile wool is and how great a part it plays in your life.

How to use the Shopping Guides:

and now write down on a slip of paper all the people you want to give Christmas gifts to. Then, in the spaces allotted, write the name of the person whom each particular gift will have the most appeal. Finally, cut out the des. pop them in your handbag and get set for the easiest Christmas-shopping expedition you've ever had. Remember, the attractive way you parcel your gift adds to its charm. Christmas wrapping paper, cellophane, tinsel and shiny stars are your basic materials. Instead of twine or string, use up left-over knitting wools to tie your packages—it's a festive notion as well as sensible.



For Mother:

Set of Hot-Plate Mats—2 circles of felt button-holed together make one very attractive mat.
Phone Book Cover—felt with slot for pencil and pocket for personal numbers directory.
Sheepskin Rug—to make her feel pampered every time she steps out of bed.
New Bridge-table Top—green felt square, ties at corners and trimmed with 4 suit emblems.
Knitting Bag—felt, personalised by initial.
Coathangers—lambswool because it takes best care of shoulder line.
Cardigan—fine knit, pretty pastel wool for cool summer evenings.
Kneeling Mat—to make by weaving strips of felt into a checker-board square.
Felt Mitts—for handling hot baking dishes and saucepans.
Pot-holders—six in different colours with tape-loop attached to one corner of each.
Tea-Cosy—lambswool because it holds heat like a thermos and can be washed.
Thermos Bag—felt with sturdy handles.
Blankets—a pair of lovely blue ones "from the family" or one of the new cellular blankets.

For the Men in your life:

Wool Tie—wool because it's crease-resistant and wool ties make non-slip knots.
Wool Scarves—a paisley square if he's a debonair type.
A Sleeveless Pullover—no coupons and always welcome.
A lightweight Wool Dressing Gown—"lightweight" for year-round wear.
A Sports Shirt—wool, of course, for good looks plus comfort.
A Tweed Cap—getting fathers can't be pleased more.
Socks—business or sports, both will be gratefully received.
Golf Club Covers—a different colour for each club, made from felt and complete with zipp fastener.
Racquet Cover—felt with an attached pouch to take two tennis balls.
Shoe-cleaning Kit—lambswool mitt, tan and black polish, and brush in felt bag.
Swim Suits—wool if you really want to please him.
Slippers—felt, with foot-cradling wedge soles, for slipping into at the end of a long, hard day.

For 'Sis', Daughter and Girl Friend:

Swimsuit—wool for style, figure-flattery and no coupons.
Mules—felt innersoles, crossed strips of felt over instep and, voila, cute mules.
Sandals—smarter than slippers for the house; felt innersoles with ribbon felt sewn at strategic points and tied around ankles.
Dress-length—printed wool if she's fashion-wise and insists on crease-resistant, washable fabrics.
Shoe-bags—felt, drawstring top, to take one pair of shoes.
Laundry Bag—felt, top drawn in by cord threaded through curtain rings, trimmed with owner's initial or name.
Typewriter Cover—felt, saddlestitched and bound to appeal to the junior career girl.
Bobby-socks—2 or 3 pairs, 100 per cent. wool in the brightest colours you can find.
Stocking Cap—knitted from wool or made from wool jersey remnant.
"Topper" Coat—unlined wool, to wear anywhere and everywhere.
Hat and Bag Set—envelope or reticule bag, pillbox or helmet cap from felt or wool remnant.

For the Very Young:

Animals—felt or lambswool, to be soft and cuddly with no hard edges to hurt their masters.
Dressing Gown—flannel or wool plaid or the good parts of your cast-off gown.
Slippers—felt or lambswool to keep tiny toes snug and safe between bath and bed-time.
Handbag—shoulder-strap style in felt or a cute pouch of pink lambswool.
Doll—made from and entirely dressed in felt with plaits of blonde knitting wool.
Bonnet and Booties—matching and in the sweetest pattern and pastel shades.
Treasure Board—sheet of 3-ply covered with felt, criss-crossed with tape and hung in boy's room to take pictures of football heroes, school cricket teams, badges, etc., etc.
Marble bag—felt with drawstring top and a couple of beaut "alleys" inside.

CUT THIS SHOPPING GUIDE OUT NOW!

There is no substitute for WOOL

With the compliments of The Australian Wool Board.

7928

THE BLACK SEDAN

By ...

KALMAN PHILLIPS

25 NOV 1947

A MASCULINE voice said: "Hello, pretty eyes," and the blue eyes of the slim-shouldered girl at the desk slanted towards the young man with the crisp, curly hair who had just opened the door to the handsome appointed office.

Another one. Would they never stop coming? Everyone seemed to have heard that Anthony Wayne was expanding his business, and they were all looking for comfortable jobs with good salaries.

Linda recognised the latest arrival as a man who had worked for Anthony Wayne some years before. Rather good. But it was getting awfully late. Jim would be furious. "I'm afraid Mr. Wayne isn't seeing anyone else to-day, Mr. Martin," she said.

The young man smiled. "He is if you let him."

She shrugged. He was right, she knew. Wayne would see almost anyone any time. It was her job to shield him. Besides, Jim was probably chewing his nails by now. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be like that. Break down, won't you?"

She hesitated. Then she pressed the button on the desk phone.

Anthony Wayne's deep voice sounded a little tired. "Yes, Linda?" "Bill Martin just came in. Do you want to see him?"

"Eh?" There was a short pause. "Oh, all right. Send him in." Linda sighed. "Uh ... Mr. Wayne."

"Yes?" "Do I have to wait? It's past eight and I had a dinner—"

"That late? I certainly lose track of time, don't I? Go on home, Linda."

"Thanks." Linda motioned the young man toward the big door to Wayne's office. She reached for her bag wearily. It had been a very long day, and she was tired.

The telephone rang. It was Jim Craig. He sounded irritated. "I see you're still there."

"I was just loaded with work, Jim."

"Me, I'm loaded with liquor."

"You would be."

"I have to do something while I'm waiting. I can't just sit at the table and make faces at the waiter."

"Uh ... Jim."

"What is it?"

"Would you mind very much if I didn't meet you to-night? I—I'm about at the end of my rope, for to-day I'd just like to go home, have a hot bath and crawl into bed."

There was a moment's silence. "Certainly I mind, but I don't suppose I can do anything about it."

"You can be a little more pleasant."

"What do you expect? Lately you've been acting as though that job of yours means more to you than I do. Or is Anthony Wayne the attraction?"

"You're being difficult."

"I feel difficult."

"What are you going to do?"

"Dig up someone else."

"Jim!"

"Good night, Linda. Just remember, Wayne and wolf both start with W." There was a click.

Linda hung up, irritated. Life would be so much simpler if there weren't always a man to worry about. Her warm bath and snug bed wouldn't be quite so cosy now with the thought floating around in the back of her mind that Jim might actually "dig up" some other girl.

She locked her desk, slipped into her coat, took her umbrella, and went down the short flight of steps to the door.

It was still raining. Reflections of car headlights gleamed in the wet streets. There was a lone milk bar still open on the next corner. Linda headed for it. A cheese sand-

wich and some good hot coffee took care of that empty feeling inside her.

She put up the umbrella when she came out. The flat she shared with another girl was well over a mile away, but Linda loved to walk in the rain, and she had too few opportunities to do so. She stepped out into the street.

Wheels squealed as a big black sedan lurched around the corner. They screamed at Linda's nerves, and, without looking, she scrambled back for the kerb. Water from the spinning tyres splattered her coat and stockings. The big sedan roared up the street and swung around the next corner.

Linda stood on the kerb, shakily surveying the damage the water had done to her clothes. Her heart was pounding, and her knees felt weak. These crazy drivers. Why, she—she might easily have been killed. She stood there for a moment, the rain drumming lightly on her umbrella, until her pulses slowed down a bit.

Then, looking carefully to see that no other scatterbrained motorist was looming down around the corner, she crossed the street.

She walked slowly. She didn't feel quite so tired now. She was enjoying the freshness the rain gave to the night air. To be secretary to a man with the dynamic energy of Anthony Wayne required almost that she be married to her job. Linda needed these walks home by herself to recapture a bit of her own individuality.

Jim did not like her working there. He thought it took too much of her away from him. But Linda loved her job—took an intense personal pride in her work.

Linda paused cautiously at a corner. The traffic light had changed, but a big sedan was approaching. It slowed for the signal, and Linda stepped into the street. She was halfway across before she realised with a shock that the sedan wasn't stopping. It was picking up speed, its huge bumper bars heading straight for her.

A scream choked in Linda's throat. She ran. The sedan swerved towards her. Linda leaped for the kerb and sprawled on the pavement. The wheels of the car brushed the kerb and bounced. Then it was gone, down the street, out of sight around a corner.

Linda got up. She picked up her umbrella and put it over her again automatically. Her heart was thumping painfully, and her throat felt tight and choked up. She could feel herself trembling violently. But worst of all was that cold prickly feeling running up her spine. It didn't make sense. There was no rhyme or reason to it.

But it wasn't an accident. It had been the same black sedan. Linda had difficulty swallowing. Someone was trying to kill her.

The thought was so shocking that Linda stood stock-still for a moment. Terrified suddenly, she looked quickly around her. A few people had just emerged from a restaurant across the street. Linda almost gasped with relief. The men opened umbrellas, and the group started walking in the direction she wanted to go.

Linda followed as closely as she dared without attracting attention. The trembling in her legs had gone, but she still felt shaky. She paused at each corner, not crossing until she was sure there were no cars within a block of her.

When at length she came to the corner of her street, she almost ran towards the haven of her home.

Please turn to page 4

"So that's it," Jim said disbelievingly. "Someone's trying to kill you, eh?"



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The Black Sedan

Continued from page 3

LINDA stopped short suddenly, chilled inside. That car parked near the entrance... the black sedan with the huge bumper bars. A wave of terror swept through her. It was the same sedan, waiting for her — waiting to kill her.

Panic blotted out all reason. Linda turned and ran... ran away from the black sedan. A taxi was waiting near the entrance to a restaurant. Linda opened the door, got in, and slammed it behind her, giving the address of the night-club where she was to have met Jim.

It wasn't until they had pulled away from the kerb that she found the courage to turn and look back through the rear window. Her stomach shuddered. The big black sedan was just rounding the corner, following them.

When she reached the night-club, she edged around the dance floor and threaded her way through the tables until she saw Jim. She slid into the seat beside him.

His dark eyes looked up from contemplation of the pale liquid in the glass he was holding. They widened, and the eyelids flickered. "Hello? Where did you come from?"

"Jim, someone is trying to kill me."

"Eh?" Jim's face grew very stern, and he turned away from her disbelievingly. "So that's it."

"That's what?" "I knew this Wayne character wasn't strictly business," Jim said, still not looking at her. "You've been to dinner with him. You broke your engagement with me to go out with him, and he's been priming you with cocktails."

"Don't be a fool, Jim. I haven't been drinking."

"No? Do you know what you just said?"

"That someone is trying to kill me."

He shrugged. "Whatever gave you that weird idea?"

"A black car. It — almost hit me when I was crossing the street. And it wasn't an accident, Jim. It happened twice."

Jim shrugged. "Just coincidence."

"Jim, it was the same black car. And it was waiting for me in front of the flats."

"Most cars look black on a rainy night."

"You — you think it's just my imagination, don't you?"

"I don't know what to think." His voice was flat — angry. "I do know that lately you've been treating me like the extra man for an idle moment. I don't like it, Linda."

"I'm sorry, Jim. It's only that I've been so —"

"Pardon me." A tall blonde girl had paused at the table. "I'm not intruding, am I?"

Jim had risen. "Of course not, Marjorie. Linda Keith, Marjorie Cheyney. Linda just stopped to say hello."

Linda stood up, confused. "Yes, I — I was just running along." She picked up her bag.

There was a blurring in front of her eyes as she moved toward the entrance. Jim hadn't been fooling. He had found another girl. He — he didn't care about her any more.

She stood in front of the night-club for a moment while the attendant called a taxi for her. She wasn't as frightened as she had been. But there was a lost feeling inside her. She felt terribly, miserably alone.

The taxi dropped her in front of her building. She looked quickly around her as she got out to pay the driver. The streets were quiet — empty. A few cars were parked at the kerbs, but the long black sedan was nowhere.

The caretaker stopped her as she went in. "Oh, Miss Keith."

"Yes?"

"There's a phone message for you. From a Mr. Wayne. Wants you back at the office. Said something had come up, and he had some work that had to be done to-night."

"To-night!" Linda looked down at herself, dismayed. She felt cold and damp, her stockings were

streaked and her shoes were splattered.

But Anthony Wayne had never wasted her time yet. If he thought something was urgent enough to get her back to the office at this hour, it undoubtedly was.

She was just going out again when the telephone rang.

It was Jim. He sounded anxious. She kept her voice cool. "Hello, Jim. Want something?"

"Just to make sure that you're all right."

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"That story you told me."

"Oh? You didn't seem much concerned about it at the time."

"I was angry, Linda. I'd been sitting there feeling sorry for myself. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I think it's high time we discovered that we can get along perfectly well without each other."

His voice was unhappy. "Can we, Linda?"

"You seem to be doing all right. I admire your taste. She really was lovely."

"Marjorie? Oh, that was nothing."

"No?"

"No! It was only to hit back at you. I was in a temper, as I told you. Linda, about that car to-night coming at you. I've been worried. Maybe the police ought to know about —"

"It was nerves, Jim. Imagination."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure. After all, why should anyone want to kill me?"

"How about Wayne? Did you happen to find out anything he doesn't want known?"

"You have a complex about Mr. Wayne, and I wish you'd stop. He likes me."

"So do I, but there are times I feel like wringing your neck. I want to talk to you, Linda. I'm coming up."

"I won't be here."

Mr. Wayne called. I'm going

back to the office."

"At this hour? With that wolf?"

"Good night, Mr. Craig. It pleased her to hang up on him. He had let her down badly when she'd felt she needed him. But she was glad he had rung. However he treated her or she him, he was still her man. And the blonde girl had had her worried."

The taxi was waiting when she got downstairs. Linda hurried into it. The rain had changed from its soothing pitterpat to something driving and grim. The taxi sloshed its way through water running deep at the kerbs, and cruised carefully up to the building in which Wayne's offices were housed.

Linda, still sitting in the cab, paid the driver, then ran for the shelter of the doorway.

She paused there, smoothing her clothes, watching the gleaming lights of the taxi cut through the falling drops as it turned. Then she froze suddenly. There, about a half block up, on the other side of the street, was a big black sedan.

Linda turned cold. She stepped quickly inside, closing the door behind her, then peered back through the streaked glass panel. She was being a fool. There were hundreds of black sedans on the roads. The one parked there couldn't possibly be the same one. Besides, why should anyone want to kill her — to even hurt her? Why?

The slight glow at the head of the staircase was an indication that the lights in the outer office were still on. Linda tried to get hold of herself as she climbed the steps. Anthony Wayne wouldn't appreciate an hysterical secretary who had suddenly developed a phobia about black sedans. After all, he had one himself. He had... Linda swallowed. She paused at the top of the staircase. She had almost forgotten. Anthony Wayne did have one. She hadn't seen it for nearly a year — he'd been driving the red convertible — but she remembered it. A big black sedan, almost exactly like the one —

Please turn to page 15

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THE DOG WHO WANTED TO BE A CAT

By MARGARET PULSFORD

SITTING on the ground Tags watched the cat preening itself beneath the caressing hands of Madeleine. He thumped his short, untidy tail and was divided between admiration for the cat and a desire to be the cat, the fortunate one, petted, singled out for attention.

Neither the cat nor the woman paid the slightest attention. Cautiously he came closer, his brown eyes beseeching, yet wary, and raised a long, shaggy paw.

At once Madeleine pushed him sharply in the chest.

"Get out," she said.

He cringed and his obsequiousness aroused her anger.

"Get out," she repeated and pointed to the door. "I won't have you inside if I can help it, you great, ugly mongrel."

He took himself off, his body low on his half-grown legs, his ears back from his wide, domed forehead. Automatically he went to the rickety, draughty shed where he had spent last night and numberless nights since the man went away, and sniffed at the piece of sacking which was his bed.

It held the aroma of loneliness and he went out with his tail down and gave a long, whimpering puppy bark which was a cry for comfort and also woe that he was not a cat.

"Be quiet!" The shrill voice spun in his ear like a warning of pain and he looked towards the sound, head lowered in mournful apprehension of what was to come.

When nothing happened he looked towards the gate, but there was no hope in him. He knew he would not see the tall, striding figure which filled him with such transports of joy that moments passed before he could cease wriggling and go bounding forward in greeting.

And he ached for the presence, the warming voice of the man. Without him there was no purpose in his days because there was nothing for which he could wait.

There were no moments of meeting, coming nearer and nearer through the instinct of his blood; no walks guided by the low whistle which struck such eager joy in his heart that it was impossible to answer quickly enough.

No longer did he know the good-night

pats and reassurances, the pleasurable smell of the kitchen, the final: "Sleep well, Tags, old boy," and the click of the latch.

At first he had howled in his misery and been cuffed by the woman. He knew it was because he howled that he had been turned into the shed.

From then onwards, in a desperate need for affection and comfort, he had tried to ingratiate himself with the two left in the house, but the cat met his advances with disdain or hostility, and whenever the woman saw him near the cat she drove him off.

Yet always he returned humbly to the cat, the lucky one.

Now, in a fresh wave of loneliness, he idled out through the gate and into the road, looking up and down, his long, sensitive nose raised to the wind. No scent of the man came to him. He was gone. Where?

Mystery clasped the mind of the dog, and grief, barbed by fear of the woman and envy of the cat.

For a moment he hesitated, and then began trotting towards the north. Occasionally he stopped and nosed in the gutter, or stood with his head raised as though listening, but always he went on.

Darkness came and the dog did not seem to notice. The road had changed many times since he started out and he did not seem to notice that either. Once or twice people called to him, but heartbreak and the feeling of being unwanted made him suspicious and nervous. He eluded them.

Also a new scent was in his nostrils which he was impelled to follow, the scent of earth and woodland, a promise of furred and feathered creatures which were his ancient prey. A sense of freedom began to take command of him, and only one voice could have checked it.

When at last he reached the woods his tongue was loiling from thirst. He found a stream and drank for a long time, all four feet in the water. Then he found a sheltered hollow and, turning thrice round, lay down and slept.

His body quivered in slumber from fatigue, hunger, and dreams of sighted prey, and from the deep, fretting sense of loss which had become part of him.

Two days went by and he found no food in the wood, shining with young, cold grass and the chatter of blown leaves. The adventurous feeling of freedom died. Irresistibly he was drawn to the far, outer fringe of the wood where, from the peak of a hill, he could look down upon a house.

On the third day he went towards this house, his sides chilly and sucked in by

hunger. In the centre of the gravel pathway leading to the front door sat a small cat.

At once a surge of memory came to the dog. Timidly he wagged his tail and pressed his nose between the bars of the gate, although it was open and he could have gone in.

After a long stare the cat rose and sauntered towards the dog, which lay down, his head outstretched between his paws in sycophantic humility.

The cat sniffed daintily and went back towards the house, her tail in the air. Tags followed, ready to turn and run, and when the door opened he swerved, his body crouched against attack.

"Why, Tibby," the girl said, "who's that?" Tags did not know the meaning of the words, but there was unmistakable kindness, and he waited hesitantly.

"Hello, boy!" The sound of a thumb and finger meeting in quick friction reassured him.

"Where have you come from? You look hungry."

He lay down, tongue loiling, but every nerve alert.

"Don, come here, darling," the girl called. "There's an enormous dog outside, although he's not much more than a pup. I believe he's lost."

A man came and stood beside the girl and for a second the dog's blood quickened, only to slow again. It was not the man,

yet there was something similar, a large and infinitely comforting atmosphere about him.

"Tibby brought him in," said the girl.

At the sound of its name the cat uttered a soundless meow and returned to the dog. Their noses met and the girl laughed.

"Don, if he's a stray let's keep him."

"He hasn't a collar," the man said, and walked slowly towards the animals. Perversely the cat skittered outwards and ran to the girl, who picked her up. The dog lowered his head, undecided whether to run or stay.

"Old boy," the man said, and his tones were those of happy memory, curiously, subtly changed. "Good dog."

Tags trembled as a hand came down upon his head.

"He's hungry, poor chap. He's a stray, all right. Been up in the woods, judging from his coat. Let's give him something to eat, darling."

As he ate ravenously from the bowl, watched with benign interest by the cat, he could not know that thirty miles away the voice he had set out to find was saying furiously: "When did he go? Why did you let him out? He's only a pup."

"Surely you didn't expect me to watch him every minute of every day for a month!"

"And you made him sleep outside in the cold, the poor little beggar."

"Little! I like that. He's as big as a cart-horse, messing up the house, howling and frightening Boopsie."

"All you think of is that spoiled, pampered little beast."

"I told you I didn't want a dog."

"Well, I did. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Don't you care what I want any more?"

There was a pause in which antagonism jagged across the room and then her voice dropped, cold and sharp as a hallstone. "No," she said.

At the same moment, while the dog's red tongue cleared round and round the bowl, the girl said: "We've always wanted a dog."

"We ought to turn him over to the police."

"But if he isn't claimed he'll be killed," the girl said, "unless somebody buys him. Don, let's keep him."

"We'll have to tell the police, sweetheart."

"Well, all right; but, anyway, he can stay here until he's claimed, and if he isn't he'll be ours and Tibby's. Look, he's kissing her. Oh, he is!"

Please turn to page 23



"Oh, Don, let's keep him," the girl said as she saw Tibby making friends with the stray.



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A Matter of Priority

By . . .

RAYMOND SLATTERY

IT'S tough when the sunshine goes out of your life. It's even tougher when it happens every day. I know, because mine went out cold at exactly eight-fifteen each morning, Monday to Friday inclusive.

She was honey-blonde and graceful, with eyes that made you think of starlight on the sea. Each morning when she got on the bus she brought warmth to its rattling interior, and when she left it at eight-fifteen it was like a room where the curtains had been drawn and all the pictures taken from the walls.

What rattled me was that I couldn't figure why she left the bus at that particular point. Because I knew for a fact that she worked in the city. Why would a girl who worked in town leave her bus at King's Cross?

All the first week, and Monday and Tuesday of the second, she did the same thing. Goodness knows how long it had been going on, because up till then I'd been driving to work and was only using the bus while my old car was in for repairs.

I had an idea she knew I was puzzled about it. She'd seen me lunching at Gerald's, opposite the office building where she worked; she realised that I knew she worked in town, and I think she enjoyed my perplexity.

Or did I only imagine that hint of mischief in her eyes as she left the bus at the Cross?

On the Wednesday morning it was raining. Raining as though it wasn't going to stop any more. When the blonde joined the bus at her usual corner she was like the sun bursting suddenly over a bedraggled world.

She wore a green dress that shone brightly through a transparent raincoat, and her hair rolled in blonde rhythm beneath a cowl of the same filmy material.

I caught her eyes and smiled. She smiled back, but it didn't mean a thing. She smiled all the time, naturally, taking in the whole bright world of which I, somehow, was an unimportant part.

Well, I thought, what will happen this morning? Will she get out in the rain at King's Cross or will she sit snug in the bus till we reach the shelter of the city?

As usual, I was intrigued. I could feel myself growing sort of tense as we neared the Cross.

And this time I was certain she was enjoying the situation. This time there was no mistaking the little glint of amusement in those violet eyes, no mistaking the fact that, for a split second, I'd been singled out from the rest of the drab world around her.

When she left her seat, 20 pairs of eyes followed her movement. She changed her direction a bit this morning and headed for a newspaper stand.

Well, I thought, perhaps she likes walking. Maybe she's a health fanatic. Perhaps she's cutting down expenses, saving up for a mink coat or something.

I opened my newspaper and tried to read, but I couldn't digest anything.

At the office I soon had my mind taken up with other things. There was a mixup between our factory and a client to be straightened out,

then a long and exhausting interview with my boss, old J. B. Costly.

After such a morning I was looking forward to the lunch break when a young man called about his priority for certain machinery he had ordered.

"Let me see," I mused, looking up records. "Yes, here it is. We explained the situation, I think, in a letter to you on the sixteenth. I'm sorry, Mr. Wallworth, but there has been no change in conditions since then, and you've no chance of getting your machinery before next March."

Mr. Wallworth ran troubled fingers through thick black hair.

"Perhaps if I explained my position," he suggested. "March will be too late. I want to start production next month. If I don't, I'll not only lose a big contract, but all my preliminary expenses will go down the drain."

"Contract?" I broke in. "Wait a minute. If you've already contracted to supply goods, it makes a difference. Improves your priority. If you'll let me have particulars I'll take it up with Mr. Costly right away."

"Well . . . that isn't quite the position," he said, frowning. "I haven't actually got the contract, but I'll have it soon. I—"

"Oh," I said. "That's too bad. I'm afraid—"

RATHER anxiously Mr. Wallworth interrupted. "Look," he said, "I'm not trying to put anything over. There's nothing more certain than that I'll have that contract by Friday week. It'll be a big contract with a leading retailer, but he'll want delivery to begin almost immediately. That means I must have the machinery installed and ready to roll. Otherwise, I'm out of business."

"Then perhaps you can get this retailer's assurance that there will be a contract," I suggested, but not too hopefully. There was an earnestness about this fellow that sort of got under my skin. He was wearing an active-service badge; just another returned soldier trying to get started.

I wanted to help him, but there were shortages and manpower difficulties, and certain regulations regarding priorities which had to be obeyed.

"No, I'm afraid I can't even do that," he frowned. "Old Maxard—that's the retailer—won't know till Friday week whether he'll be ordering my goods or not. Personally, I know he will . . . but I can't prove it."

"I'm sorry," I shrugged, eyeing him curiously now. I didn't follow it. How could he be surer of a contract than the man with whom he expected to do business?

Wallworth rose, asked me again to do what I could, and left the office dejectedly. I sighed, put on my hat, and went to Gerald's for lunch.

And she was there again, my mysterious walking blonde. I saw the green dress first, then the flash of

her smile as she talked with someone at her table. When a waitress moved away I was surprised to see that her companion was the dark Mr. Wallworth.

The girl saw me and half-smiled in recognition. That pleased me immensely. It made an opening for me to speak to her on the bus next morning, and there was nothing I wanted more.

Wallworth followed her gaze and saw me. He nodded rather glumly, and turned and said something to the girl. The smile froze on her face and after a lot of talk, during which they scrupulously avoided looking in my direction, her pretty brow was creased in a frown. I could almost feel my ears burning.

I could imagine the wrap-up I was getting.

"See that skinny-looking chap at the corner table? He's the man who's holding back my machinery. Looks as though I'll be out of business, 'cause Mr. Garret, of Costly Factory Supplies, refuses to alter my priority."

Well, maybe Wallworth wouldn't hit me as hard as all that, but the effect would be the same. As far as Blondie was concerned I'd be just something the rubbish man forgot from now on. A pity. The more I saw of her the more I wanted her to like me.

She didn't look at me again. Thursday morning, when she boarded the bus, she still didn't look at me.

This would happen to me, I thought. I had made up my mind to speak to her, but how can you speak to a girl who acts as if she's unaware of your existence?

The conductor came along, almost apologetically. Like the rest of the complement, he was completely under Blondie's spell. She gave him a bright smile, fumbled in her handbag—and for the second time in as many days the smile froze on her face.

I tried not to gloat, but I couldn't help the tingle of pleasure as I watched her face grow redder, her hands groping ineffectually in her handbag.

She tried to smile again, but it ended in a half-annoyed, half-embarrassed frown at the conductor. He shifted his weight to the other foot, equally embarrassed.

I saw several masculine hands, moving towards vest pockets, and acted quickly.

"If you'll allow me," I said, leaning across the aisle. She looked at me helplessly, and I handed the conductor a shilling.

"Well . . . all right, The Cross," she told him. Then, turning to me again: "It's kind of you, but I'd have much preferred to owe it to the conductor till to-morrow."

"Can't do that. Against regulations," I said, winking at the conductor as he gave me the change. "Anyway, I'm happy to be of service."

"Are you really?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "You're not always so obliging, I've heard." There was ice in her voice, but it was a nice,

I watched her turn away from the bus, smiling despite the heavy rain.

musical voice, the kind beautiful girls should have but seldom do.

I grinned and said: "Oh-oh. Somebody's been telling tales about me."

She gave me one of those cool, calculating looks.

"It must be fun to sit behind a desk and tell people what they can't have," she said.

She could see I didn't like that. After a while she shrugged, and said: "Oh, I suppose you're only doing your job, but after all — I mean, Mr. Wallworth fought in the war, and is entitled—"

"What do you suppose I was doing?" I broke in. "Knitting socks?" She flushed, and the conversation lagged somewhat. Later, as we approached King's Cross, she said: "Thanks for paying my fare. I'll repay you to-morrow morning."

"Look, what's the idea of walking from here?" I burst out, curiosity getting the better of me. "You do it every day. Are you a health crank, or something?"

She turned her violet eyes on me as she stood up. Something of the

mischief of yesterday was in their dark depths.

"I'm doing my bit towards an ex-serviceman's rehabilitation," she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Garret."

I arrived at the office determined to try to do something for young Wallworth. True, there were a lot of things I didn't understand.

For one, I couldn't see how Wallworth could be sure of getting an order from a retailer who hadn't yet made up his mind. I could not for the life of me understand how the blonde was helping him by walking to work. It didn't make sense.

Please turn to page 23

THE BRICK WALL

By LOUIS KAMP

DAZZLING sunlight sent heat waves dancing out on the black asphalt of the studio streets and a blinding light glanced off the white stucco buildings. It came as a shock as I stepped out of the cool, dark lab where I had been cutting the Dawson-Calder picture, and I wished I had brought my dark glasses.

A few extras in the costumes of Henry VIII's England were coming toward me out of one of the sound stages on their way to the main commissary for an early lunch, and a writer in a hurry passed me by with a "Hello, Josh."

Then we all had to stop and step back against the wall of the carpenter shop as a huge truck swung out, loaded with sections of sets.

Inside the great, open hangar-like building I could hear the heavy power saws whining through new wood and the sound of hammering. In the back of my mind I could hear Alex's voice again over the phone saying, "Josh, come in here!"

As I turned into the doorway of the executive building known as Producer's Row I was still nervously wondering why he had sent for me.

Alexander Hanley was a big man with a big head and a soft voice and a pair of wide-open grey eyes that levelled on you like twin pistols. You couldn't be anywhere in a room with Alex without being conscious of his eyes watching you all the time.

He scared me just as he did everybody else in the studio. Most people scare easily and are

afraid of something, but I didn't think Alex was afraid of anything or anybody, and he always said what he had in his mind and never cared what you thought about it.

Alex Hanley was my father, and when I was a little kid the big man with the big cigar would carry me round the studio on his shoulders showing me off to prop men, directors, grips and stars, and though they all made a great fuss over me I always knew it was Alex they really tried to please, not me.

When Alex had said over the phone, "Josh, come in here!" it was like it had been when I was a kid playing on the lawn of the fantastic old mansion we used to live in on Wilshire Boulevard back in the 'twenties.

In those days whenever I heard his steel-rasp voice I'd drop everything and double-time it into the

house and stand uneasily in front of my father, waiting for him to tell me what I had done.

And, no matter what I thought, he was always right and he never had to lay a hand on me to prove it.

The years, however, had softened and mellowed his voice, but that didn't fool anybody. The sharpness was buried inside him, and without changing the tiniest inflection of his quiet disarming voice he could make it suddenly deadly.

There were two big rooms that made up Alex's office. When I walked into the outer reception-room I knew immediately that he hadn't sent for me to give me a chance to act in pictures.

That was something I had always wanted to do and the previous night at dinner I had mentioned it again. Alex had been in a fine mood when he had asked me what I wanted for my birthday, and I hadn't had to think twice.

"You can give me a part in a picture," I had said. Instead of his usual sarcastic reply he hadn't said another word, but had gone right on eating, and neither of us mentioned the subject again.

So I had kidded myself all the way over from the lab, that there was a remote possibility Alex might really give me a part for my birthday.

I knew it was hopeless when I saw red-headed Lucy Morgan sitting with her slim legs crossed in one of the deep wing chairs in the reception-room. I wondered who the stool-pigeon was who had told Alex about seeing me round town with one of his actresses.

Lucy looked as nervous as I felt.

Her big dark eyes looked up unhappily as I came in, and her wide, generous mouth parted in the shape of a small "o" as though she had suddenly realised why she was there.

"Who do you think told him?" I murmured as I lowered my long bones into a chair near hers.

Lucy focused her eyes on me. "Are you going to let him tell you who you can go out with and who you can't?"

"Aren't you?" I asked. Her eyes wouldn't look at mine and I could tell she was really scared.

"Who does he think he is, anyway?"

"Alex Hanley," I said, and I tried to grin.

"Well, I'm not afraid of him," Lucy went on, half-heartedly. "I'm on contract, and he can't fire me."

"I'm his son and he can't fire me, either."

We were just blowing off and we both knew it. We knew it as we looked at each other and wondered what Alex would really do.

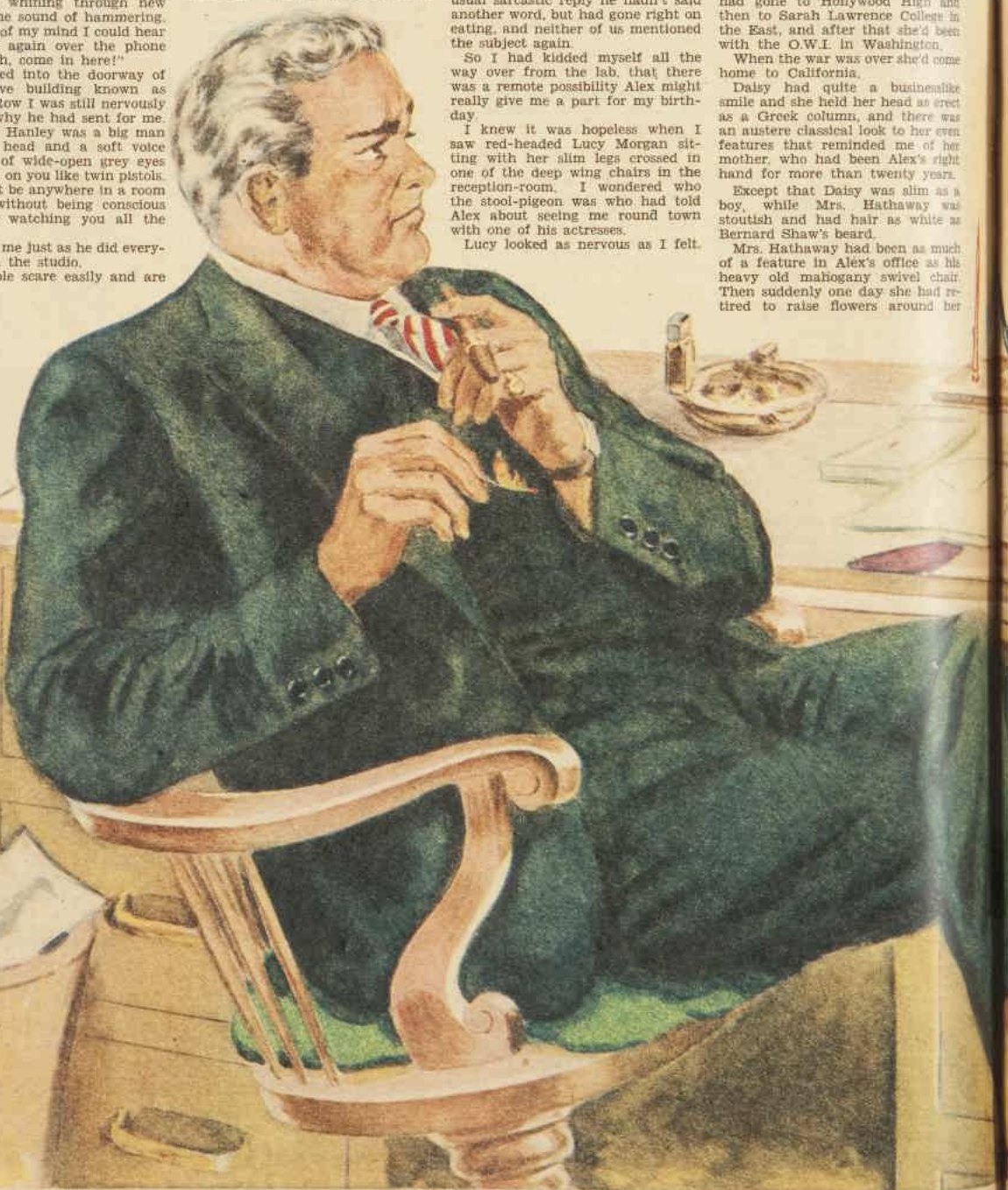
The door to the inner office opened and Daisy Hathaway looked out on us. Daisy was a pretty, dark-haired girl, who had been Alex's secretary for about six months. She had gone to Hollywood High and then to Sarah Lawrence College in the East, and after that she'd been with the O.W.I. in Washington.

When the war was over she'd come home to California.

Daisy had quite a businesslike smile and she held her head as erect as a Greek column, and there was an austere classical look to her even features that reminded me of her mother, who had been Alex's right hand for more than twenty years.

Except that Daisy was slim as a boy, while Mrs. Hathaway was stoutish and had hair as white as Bernard Shaw's beard.

Mrs. Hathaway had been as much of a feature in Alex's office as his heavy old mahogany swivel chair. Then suddenly one day she had retired to raise flowers around her



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San Fernando ranch-house and Daisy came to work in her place.

Of course Daisy was new, but her mother's established authority seemed to go with the job and most of the hired help felt that Daisy wasn't a girl to get exactly chummy with. I was about the only one who ever kidded her, but even at that I watched what I said and didn't say anything that I might not want to get back to Alex.

"It sounds crazy, doesn't it? Well, that's the effect Alex had on anyone who worked for him. And on me. It might have been different for me if my mother hadn't been an actress. I seemed to have inherited the acting virus from her, but Alex, who had made more stars than I can remember, ironically enough hated actors. So I wasn't exactly the white-haired boy that people out in the know thought I was.

"He's waiting for you," Daisy said to us. I heard Lucy take a deep breath while I was taking mine. We both followed Daisy into Alex's office.

Alex was leaning back in his swivel chair behind his desk, staring out the big window at the nasturtiums that flanked his side of the building on A Street. He looked massive, and in the richly dignified office he looked as though he might have been cast as a banker.

"Sit down," Alex said over his shoulder. "You, too," he said to Daisy, who was on her way out of the office.

There was an embarrassing silence while we waited for Alex to swing around from the window. He never did anything in a hurry, and as I stared at his sunlit profile, he looked as though he might be dreaming or just sitting there without a thought in his head.

You could never tell about that

impassive face. There was always a deceptive quality of relaxation about his close fist of a mouth. But what could deceive you the most were the eyes.

As I said, they were point-blank when he turned them on you, but they had fine sun wrinkles at the corners and they were the only part of his face that ever really laughed. A lot of times those eyes laughed almost out aloud.

Alex could make them jolly, surprised, calculating, interested, benevolent, commiserating, cruel, penetrating—anything in the book.

For a guy who hated actors, Alex was a paradox. He could charm an

organised board of directors who had come to a meeting like a vigilance committee into complete acquiescence with his plans, and he could reduce a movie star to the status of a worm. All in a matter of minutes.

I imagine that's what Lucy was

thinking about. She was staring at nothing defiantly, but it was strictly a stock-company expression. She made the mistake of trying to twist a button off her suit at the same time.

Alex turned slowly, and Lucy jumped when his swivel chair creaked out loud. The California sunlight caught and held in Alex's greying hair and it was rather ironic that it should look so much like a halo. There was a bland look in his eyes as he stared first at me and then at Lucy Morgan.

Please
turn to
page 26



"Why don't you
let your son make
his own mistakes?"
Daisy asked coolly.

des Condor

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here . . .
so my food needs
special care*

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● Blue sharkskin makes an attractive tailored two-piece for the beach. The original is from Bonwit Teller, New York, and replicas by a leading Australian manufacturer are on sale in most stores.



● A fishtail bustle gives emphasis to the back of this one-piece American costume made of cotton material patterned to simulate multi-colored fish scales. Copies of this style are being made in Australia.

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● This American two-piece features rompers. As with other costumes illustrated here and on the cover, copies are on sale throughout Australia. All these copies are made of material manufactured here.



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WATCH is changed on Elsinore battlements before dead king's ghost appears. Officer of the watch, Bernardo (Esmond Knight), relieves soldier Francisco (John Laurie).

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark



FRANTIC with grief, Hamlet tells Ophelia (Jean Simmons) he no longer loves her; that women make monsters of men.



MISTAKING Polonius for his uncle behind the curtains in Queen's room, Hamlet stabs him.



SHAMING his mother for her hasty marriage, Hamlet pleads with her.

RICH costumes and settings will be seen in Two Cities' film "Hamlet," made for the J. Arthur Rank organisation.

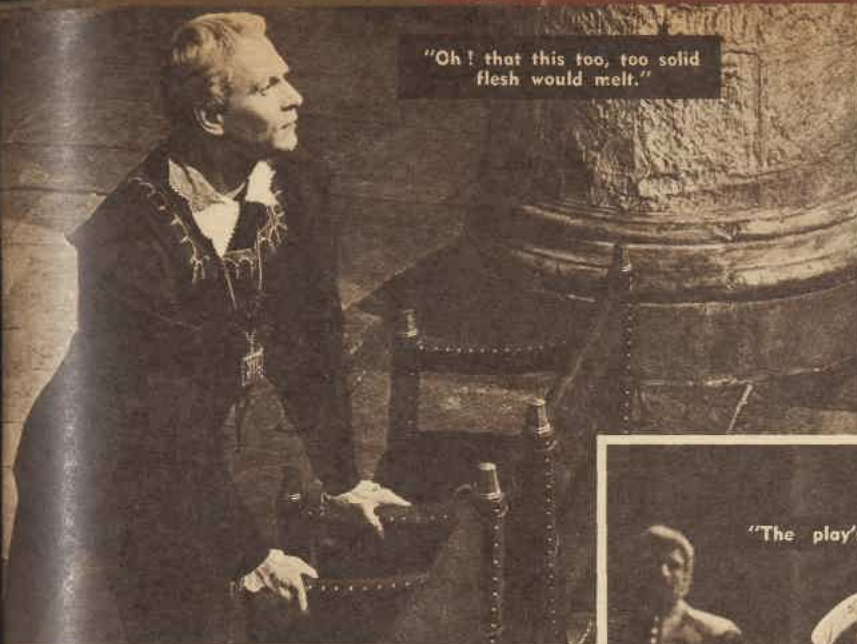
In the magnificent Royal apartments setting, murals and frescoes painted after the style of 13th century European art are a feature of the decor designed by Roger Furse.

Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the unhappy prince, wears the traditional black doublet and hose, but has enlivened it with gold embroidery and embossed sleeves. He adds jewelled chains and an ornamental belt and dagger.

Olivier produces and directs the film as well as playing the star part.

His performance of Shakespeare's Hamlet on the London stage was one of the roles that made him world famous.

At least eight actresses were tried out for the part of Ophelia, which is played by 17-year-old Jean Simmons.



"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

GRIEF-STRICKEN by death of father, Hamlet (Laurence Olivier) meditates on his mother's marriage to his uncle.



"It vanished from our sight."

GHOST of Hamlet's father has been seen by Horatio (Norman Woodland), who describes the scene to Hamlet.



"Look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading."

BELIEVING her son mad, the Queen (Eileen Herlie) talks with her husband (B. Sydney) and Polonius (F. Aylmer).



"The play's the thing."

TO TRAP his uncle into confession of the murder of his father, Hamlet has inserted lines into a play being staged before Court. Sitting at Ophelia's feet, he awaits results.



"Do you not come your lordly son to chide?"

SECOND APPEARANCE OF GHOST makes Hamlet feel he is too slow in avenging his father's death. Mother thinks grief has maddened him.



"For that purpose I'll anoint my sword."

AROUSING Laertes (Terence Morgan) to avenge death of father, Polonius, and sister, Ophelia, the King urges him to kill Hamlet with poisoned sword in duel.



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The Black Sedan

Continued from page 4

HER hand went to her mouth. The huge bumper bars . . . The special ones Wayne had on his car.

Linda's knees felt like water. There was terror in her, terror that wanted to run frantically down the steps and out into the rain . . . Her teeth caught her lower lip, holding it firmly. She had to get a grip on herself . . . couldn't be panicky now. The sedan was out there. That was what he wanted—to get her out there—to run her down—to make it look like an accident. He—he wouldn't kill her in his office. The caretaker at the flats knew she was going to the office. He'd hang if he killed her there. She was safe as long as she stayed in the office.

Anthony Wayne wanted to kill her. But why?

Linda shuddered suddenly. She knew why. Anthony Wayne had killed before . . . a woman. She remembered with a shock how livid his face had been when he'd discovered her reading the letter from the parole board. She hadn't known . . . she'd been opening all his mail. Manslaughter. A drunken brawl in a hotel . . . a bottle thrown at a man, hitting a woman. Enough to ruin his career if it became known.

He'd made her promise never to breathe a word of it—his career was his life. And Linda hadn't. Something must have happened to destroy his trust in her—something that had made him determine to destroy her.

But he wouldn't do it there. Wouldn't do it in the office. He'd have to make it look like an accident. If only she could call the police.

There was a strained feeling behind Linda's eyes as she pushed open the door. The outer office was empty. The light was still on. The big door to Wayne's inner office was closed. But Linda knew that that was empty, too . . . that the man who normally occupied it was out across the street, sitting behind the wheel of a big black sedan, waiting.

She reached quickly for the telephone and lifted it to her ear, her finger slipping into the dialling slot. She hesitated. There wasn't any familiar buzz of the dial tone. There wasn't anything. The telephone was silent.

There was a hollow feeling in Linda's chest. She jiggled the telephone stand and listened again. Nothing. She dialled frantically. There was no response. The telephone was dead.

Linda replaced it dully. Someone had disconnected it—disconnected it or cut the wires. There was no way of getting help without going out. And Linda wasn't going out again that night . . . not alone. Her eyes fell on the door to Wayne's office. His private line . . . it was just possible . . .

She pushed open the door carefully. It made no sound as it opened. The room was dark with a deep oppressive blackness. She realised that the Venetian blinds must be shut. She hesitated, an icy tingle running down her spine. Her imagination was playing tricks again. She had had a feeling that there was something in there . . . a presence. She listened. Nothing. Only the slap of rain against the windows.

Linda steelled herself, stepped inside and groped toward the big mahogany desk. Her fingers fumbled, found the switch of the desk lamp, turned it on. The shaded light reassured her. She lifted the private telephone. Dead. Dead, too.

And then she saw the thing lying next to the chair.

Linda screamed. There was no other sound . . . only the muffled memory of her scream in her ears. The room swayed dizzily for a moment, then was still again—still and very quiet. Shakily, she forced herself to look back at it. The body of Anthony

Wayne lay there crumpled on the floor, a murderous black hole between the staring eyes.

A sob born of sheer panic choked in Linda's throat. She turned to run . . . to get away . . . out into the rain . . . anywhere. Then she froze.

The door was closed. She had left it open. Someone else was in the room.

The voice said, "I was afraid you wouldn't come when I left the message. I was afraid I'd have to go after you."

Linda turned. She was still rigid with shock. Her eyes were staring. The mouth of the young man with the crisp, curly hair was ugly. He had a small revolver in his right hand. He lifted it slightly.

Linda forced a sound from her stiff lips. "Why? Why are you doing this?"

The voice was cold. "I don't want to hang. You're the only one who knew I came here to-night . . . the only one who could pin Wayne's murder to me."

"The car." Her voice was husky. "You were driving Mr. Wayne's car."

"My car." The smile was grim.

"Wayne gave it to me last year . . . among other things. To keep me quiet. He killed a woman. I knew about it."

The room was swaying. "Why did you kill him?"

"He was tired of paying. He was going to send me up for blackmail."

His right arm stiffened. Linda's head was spinning. It was through a haze that she saw the door stir, then swing open. A voice that didn't seem to be her own said, "Jim!"

He stood there in the doorway, his eyes blank, staring at the gun levelled at his chest. "But what . . ."

Linda's fingers, nerveless, fumbled behind her at the switch of the table lamp. She twisted it.

The sudden blackness was punctuated by a flash of fire and a sharp report. Terror caught at her throat. "Jim! Are you all right?"

There was a cracking sound and the shock of a bullet tearing into the woodwork behind her. Jim's voice was strained. "Shut up! He's shooting at sounds!"

There was another shot, a cry, a deep groan, a sound of a man tumbling to the floor, then silence—a silence that screamed horror at Linda. Jim was dead. Jim—

"That's one." The curly-haired man's voice shook a little. "Now for—ugh!"

A hand from a falling body brushed against Linda. She shuddered away. The light flashed on suddenly. Jim was standing there, a poker from the fireplace in his right hand, grimly surveying the unconscious figure on the floor. "Fooled the beggar," he muttered. "Fooled him."

Linda sighed. The light was still on, but the blackness was closing in on her, swallowing her up.

She came to on the couch in the outer office. Jim's arm was around her. He was gazing at her anxiously. "All right?"

She looked around her, dazed. The door to Wayne's office was open. There were sounds coming from it. She shuddered upright. "Who—"

"Easy now." He smiled. "The police are in there. Everything's all right."

Linda relaxed against his comforting arm. Her eyes looked up at him. "I—I was so glad to see you, Jim. So glad. How did you know I was in trouble?"

"I didn't. I just didn't trust Wayne's intentions, calling you so late. I was here to protect my interests. Uh . . ." He hesitated, his voice a little uncertain. ". . . they are my interests, aren't they?"

Linda's hand reached up and touched his cheek. She smiled. "All yours, Mr. Craig."

(Copyright)



Hey, Mummy
where's the big
smile?

BABY: So you don't enjoy being me for a day?

MUMMY: Enjoy it? Why my skin's so uncomfortable I could roar. Do all babies feel this miserable?

BABY: I do at times, and it's your fault. Why don't you do as other mothers do, and protect my skin with gentle Johnson's Baby Powder and soothing Baby Cream.

MUMMY: Both honey?

BABY: Indeed! I need lots of Johnson's Baby Powder between baths to keep me slick as a kitten . . . then, if a chafe or rash does appear, I need Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream to clear it up in a twinkling . . .

MUMMY: No sooner said than done; out with us now, for Johnson's.



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Gladys Moncrieff's plans after year abroad

Brings back a dazzling wardrobe, new recipes, and new ambitions

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

"Our Glad," Australia's best-loved musical comedy star, Gladys Moncrieff, is back home after a year's trip abroad. She has lost weight, has a dazzling wardrobe, looks younger than she has in years, and is ready to sing again.

For six months in London she spent part of every day having singing lessons. Her teacher was Percy Kahn, accompanist to Richard Tauber.

WE spent the best part of an afternoon with her in her attractive Rose Bay, Sydney, home, looking at her clothes, sniffing at bottles of French perfume, hearing about the trip and future plans.

Petunias biased their welcome home in the garden, honeysuckle gill over the fence, and a line of geranium bushes was ready to burst into bud.

Inside, gladioli were in the honey-scented lounge-music-room and pale green bedroom.

"Glad" went to the Royal Garden Party, lunched at The Ivy, fashionable London restaurant and favorite sitting place of Noel Coward, Madge and Cyril Ritchard, and other West End stars, and crossed the Atlantic in the Queen Mary.

She wore to the Royal Garden Party a draped cigar-brown dress and a Fifth Avenue hat trimmed with flash-colored ostrich feathers.

"Like the Queen," she said with that throaty chuckle. She is far too real and human a person to be impressed with her own importance.

Inspired imitations

RELAXING with people she knows and likes, "Glad" will give an inspired imitation of a mannered high-roped walker about to set off on her perilous journey, and adopt the incredible and jammy voice people used to expect from theatrical summaries.

It is because she is real and natural, warm-hearted and funny, that she is loved as she is. Far more, diamonds, and orchids are only the trimmings.

The most charming man I met, she continued, "was Anthony Eden. In manner, even more than his famous good looks and perfect coloring, was what appealed to me. We met at a cocktail party in London."

Old theatrical friends gave "Glad" a royal welcome in London, but an advertised B.B.C. broadcast was responsible for a reunion that touched her deeply.

"An unknown woman got in touch with me to ask if it were possible that the Gladys Moncrieff listed for a broadcast could be the Australian Gladys Moncrieff whose London debut as the star of 'Blue Mazurka' had been attended 21 years ago by the girls of the First Nighters' Club."

"I said I was, and she told me I was talking to one of the girls who had been there that night."

"She and three of the other galley girls wanted to entertain me. They were Jenny, Hetty, Annie, and another Hetty."

"So one night I went as their guest to dinner and a show, and another night they came to me at the flat."

"What did we talk about? Well, naturally, being women, we talked about our lives, clothes, rationing—all of them refused to eat my butter and had given their own butter rations to their mothers), and shows."

It is no new thing for stage starlets to win friends. But Gladys has always been distinguished by her ability to win friends and keep them.



"WE'LL GATHER LILACS," romantic new ballad by ace song writer Ivor Novello, is run through by Gladys Moncrieff in music-room of Sydney home.



"OUR GLAD," The darling of musical comedy audiences. Back after 13 months abroad.



HATS from New York, Hollywood, Brussels, London. One is of mink, one pearl-encrusted

young girl role. She is fiery, worldly, and prima donna-ish—a mixture of comedy, drama, and temperament that is enormously intriguing to any actress."

"Glad" has other plans, too.

"I know," she said, "I sang too soon after my accident. I wasn't ready for a comeback. That is why I have spent six months with Kahn in London."

"No singer should ever imagine she has nothing more to learn. I know that every time I hear someone else sing I learn something."

People have remarked before that the long struggle back to health

after her nearly fatal car accident almost ten years ago produced a changed "Glad," that during that long convalescence there was time—the first in a busy life with success that came almost too easily—to think, to ponder, to contemplate.

Gladys makes no secret of the fact that she is more interested in serious singing now than she was as the young girl who came from Rockhampton and took Sydney by storm on the never-to-be-forgotten first night of "The Maid of the Mountains."

She is now a suave, well-groomed woman, poised and charming, very different from the hoydenish young girl with the wonderful voice who is reputed to have only laughed when Mrs. Hugh Ward (the teacher

and friend of those early days) was so angered by the unattractive hat worn to a lesson by her protegee that she threw it out of the window. As well as French and Italian, Gladys studied in London the name part in Puccini's opera "Tosca."

"I worked hard at it," she said. (Once people used to say that Gladys had a heaven-sent voice, but that she didn't like work!)

"When I sing 'Tosca,' I will be realising a serious ambition."

She has already started what is to be her regular morning routine of practising in the sunny music-room at Rose Bay.

For all the glamor inseparable from a darling of the footlights, Gladys Moncrieff is a house-proud woman, capable and energetic.

Among the nylons, black, blue, and burgundy, the platinum fox cape and frivolous hats (and to-day's hat-conscious Gladys really went to town on those) are pieces of Spode china for the house.

Anyone lucky enough to have been entertained by her will not be surprised to hear that Gladys has brought back a collection of new recipes.

Noted gourmets have credited her with being the best woman cook in this country.

As well she has brought back a set of old hollow-stemmed champagne glasses for the dinner table when she gives her famous parties.

When cooking reaches the level of "Glad's," onions cease to be low comedy. Here is the recipe for a new salad she brought back:

Finely sliced onions, oranges, and pineapple and chopped mint, dressed with a sweet mayonnaise.

"In New Orleans we ate Oysters Rockefeller at a French restaurant where the recipes are handed down from generation to generation."

"No amount of persuading would induce them to confide the recipe, but I think—I just think—I can guess it," she said. "I'm going to experiment, and hope soon to serve the original Oysters Rockefeller."

Her devoted friends all over Australia will be glad to know that "Our Glad" is at the top of her form, her injured leg no trouble to her now.

She is the possessor of the same glamorous ankles, more than a dozen fabulous new hats from the world's fashion capitals, and is ready to sing again.

FOR BETTER LIVING

FEW Australians would deny the truth of criticism of country towns expressed by Mr. Charles Wilmut, representative in Australia of the British Council.

He said many Australian country towns seem to have been built simply as 'places in which to live and work.'

He hoped that future plans might make them places for enjoyment and leisure too, with sculpture, museums, art galleries, libraries.

Mr. Wilmut spoke the truth. Though there are notable exceptions among country towns, most are dreary, and devoid of beauty or mental stimulation.

They reflect the struggles of the nation's founders and pioneers, whose hard working lives left little time for culture.

They need not remain that way. Strong community movements could improve them.

Making country towns better places to live in is not so much a matter of bricks and mortar as one of ideas and interests.

It may be difficult at first to whip up public enthusiasm for the visit of an art exhibition or lecturer or the development of a first-class library.

Yet if the passionate few care to persist in one such project they will find the response in sharp contrast with the apathy shown before.

Much help can be had from capital cities, where various cultural bodies are willing to give advice and practical support to country movements.

Better prices have brought prosperity to the country in recent years. Let that happier condition soon be reflected in the broadening and brightening of country life.



ARTIST SPROD looks in on a barber's shop.

It seems to me...

SEVERAL issues back I mentioned that it was 18 weeks till Christmas, and I hope you paid more attention to the warning than I did.

If you're not in the throes of your Christmas shopping by now, you ought to be, because soon the shops will be seething with women with a feverish glitter in their eyes, holding up objects to each other's gaze and asking hysterically: "Do you think Auntie Mabel will like that?"

And a few days after that they'll be seething even more, and saying instead: "Do you think this will do for Auntie Mabel?"

This year there are plenty of things to buy—at a price. Remember the time when there were heaps of desirable objects for 4/6 and 6/11? Hardly anything seems to be 4/6 or 6/11 any more.

The people on whom the high prices are hardest at Christmas time are the parents. The toys this year are wonderful, but they cost pounds where they used to cost shillings. I say parents rather than children, because I think children on the whole accept the limitations of the parental purse more philosophically than their elders realise.

YOU won't be hanging up a nylon this Christmas unless you are a woman of great stamina and persistence.

Decision of the big retail stores in Sydney to withhold them until there were enough for everyone was a good one. Fairer to the customers—and less wearing on shop fittings and sales staff who, owing to the labor shortage, are more precious than nylons.

THE talking dog has long been the subject of jokes, but now scientists say a dog really can be taught to talk.

According to Dr. Martin F. Palmer, president of the American Speech Correction Association, a dog can be taught—by a patient master—to say simple phrases like "Feed me."

Why not leave well alone? One of the greatest charms of a dog—perhaps its greatest charm—is its dumbness. It may sometimes be critical of its master, but it never gives him a piece of its mind.

It never mentions the Banking Bill, nor even gives its opinion of meat rationing. True, it may growl. But we interpret the growl as we please, regarding it always as directed against another fellow.

And what of those of us who, when a strange dog leaps at us, say in a pleased way: "Dogs always seem to like me?"

If a dog could be taught simple phrases, who knows, he might say: "Aw, nuts!"



Dorothy Drain

RUMORS and denials of a visit to Australia by Princess Elizabeth and her husband continue.

An American correspondent, in prophesying a tour next year, said that it would not conflict with the Government's ban on pleasure travel, as "a State visit to Australia would be regarded as work, not play."

Anyone who has seen a Royal tour would concur with that, and I should think the Duke of Gloucester would be able to give his assurance that there's been no moderation of the number or length of our speeches at public functions.

Maybe if the tour takes place we could make some concession to the Princess' youth and sex, be chivalrous for once, and just shorten the loyal addresses a wee bit.

I FOUND a book of old cuttings this week, yellowed relics of work on a daily paper.

Among them was an account of a speech by a woman who had been doing relief work during the Spanish War, given to the Sydney branch of the London Peace Society in May, 1939.

It's headed, "Spaniards Prize Soap," and quoted the speaker as saying that formerly wealthy Spanish families whom she visited were delighted at the gift of a packet of soap flakes.

Shortages were a novelty in those days.

WE get new ration cards this week-end, giving us an extra week's ration of butter and tea, and an advantage of one coupon in meat from the old cards.

The extra ration is welcome. It would be even more welcome in Britain.

Many people are using the extra butter coupon towards tins of butter concentrate, obtainable at some stores for parcels packed by them for Britain.

If you aren't sending a parcel yourself, you probably know someone who is, and who'd be glad to make use of the coupon.

THE annual school and University examinations are with us again:

Now with clean handkerchiefs and thumping hearts. With sharpened pencils, rubbers, rulers, pen. The young set forth, their heads pucked full of things That long have vanished from our adult ken—Dates, gerunds, factors; ablatives, and serenes. Their minds alert for questions with a catch. They face the clean white foolscap—nothing's heard But the clock's tick, the muffled sigh, the pen's scratch . . . scratch.

Interesting People



MRS. L. C. KIRK
... S.P.C.A. in Fiji

SHOCKED by condition of animals in Fiji, when she went to live there 12 months ago, Mrs. L. C. Kirk, of Sydney, formed a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Has established permanent animal clinic with provision for humane destruction, and veterinary officer at regular times to give free advice to public and examine pets. She gives talks to school children telling them how to care for their animals.



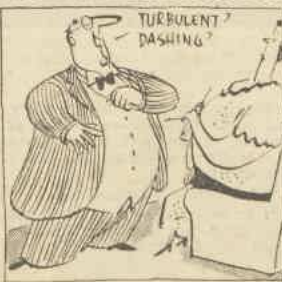
MR. PAUL KLETZKI
... will conduct here

POLISH musician Paul Kletzki, who will conduct here next year with A.B.C., has had repeatedly to shift his headquarters. Until 1935 he was with Berlin State Orchestra. Leaving Germany, he went to Russia and became principal conductor of Kharkov Philharmonic Orchestra. He had to leave Russia. Settled in Switzerland. In 1943 he made his Swiss debut and has since conducted all the Lucerne Festivals. Made London debut in 1946.



MISS BEATRICE GLASCOINE
... mobile religionist

RECENTLY appointed first field officer and organiser of the General Board of Religious Education of the Church of England in Australia, Beatrice Glascoine comes from Melbourne. Her job is to tour Commonwealth as link between the Board, clergy and laity, and publicise St. Christopher's Christian Education and Youth Leadership College. She trained in theology, religious education, in London.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

HOW TO RIDE CORRECTLY

★ With the start of the holiday season hundreds of city girls will go riding for the first time. Well-known Sydney equestrienne Mrs. M. Hood poses for us in a picture series showing the correct way to ride. She wears formal show-ring habit. Horse model is Mr. H. Bathis' Goonoo.



TESTING FOR LENGTH. Stirrup-iron placed under armpit, fingertips touching saddle. Leathers are taut and measured against outstretched arm.



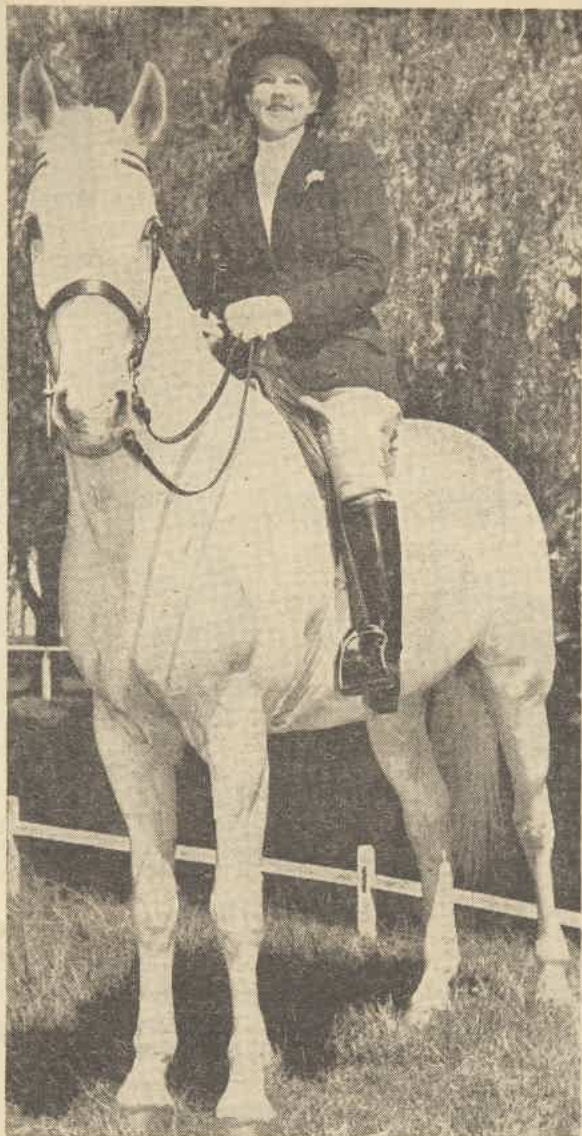
MOUNTING (A): Standing on left side, rider takes up position close to horse, but facing opposite direction; taut reins gathered in left hand, in front of saddle.



MOUNTING (B): With right hand, stirrup-leather is turned so that top faces forward, and stirrup-iron is ready to receive left foot.



MOUNTING (C): Springing from right foot, leg is thrown over saddle. Left leg is straightened. Take seat gently to avoid startling horse. Pictures by staff photographer J. Dabinett.



BALANCED SEAT. Secure but easy, rider sits well down in lowest part of saddle. Back is straight, but not rigid, body ready to move with horse. Elbows are well in, forearms across body, hands held just above pommel of saddle.



LEGS AND FEET. From knee to ankle, legs hang slightly behind perpendicular; rider, looking down, can just see toe. Heels are down, toes raised. Ball of foot is pressed strongly on stirrup-iron. Heels rest just behind girth.



TURNING to left or right. Horse is led round by pressure on rein, pressure of rider's knee against side, and weight of body being inclined in direction of turn.



DISMOUNTING (A): Dismounting is reversal of mounting. Reins firmly in left hand, body inclines forward. Right hand on pommel takes weight, right foot is freed from stirrup.



DISMOUNTING (B): Right leg (yes, picture is deceptive) has been swung across horse, now touches ground in line with horse's forefeet. Left foot is about to be freed from stirrup.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 29, 1947

Page 19

There is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON . . . Radio, room heaters, washing machines, super cooker

MORE INVITATIONS!

I can't keep up with them now! But it wasn't always like this. One day I was having my hair done, when . . .



AT THE DOCTOR'S

Miss Grant, your symptoms indicate "NIGHT STARVATION". You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep, you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally, unless this energy is replaced, you're bound to wake tired... become nervy. I recommend **HORLICKS**

So, Every Night-



That advice put me right - and **HORLICKS** will do the same for **YOU!**

DELICIOUS Horlicks helps you wake up with new reserves of vigour and power. Drink Horlicks and change Night-Starvation to radiant vitality. Horlicks keeps you fit while it guards against Night-Starvation. Ask for Horlicks by name!

HORLICKS GIVES YOU...

- ✓ PROTEIN
- ✓ CARBOHYDRATE
- ✓ VITAMINS A, B₁, B₂, D
- ✓ MINERAL SALTS
- ✓ CALCIUM



* Made with milk

P7-7

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE are big days ahead for Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians. There will be romance, excitement, changes, and happiness, both at home and socially. Finances are pleasing, but beware of extravagance.

Geminians, Pisceans, and Virgos must live quietly and avoid scenes, quarrels, and delays.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for this week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good weeks ahead, so plan well and work hard. Seek promotions and changes on Nov. 25 and 28. Nov. 28 (to midday) fair.

Taurus (April 21 to May 22): Slight improvements but routine still advisable. Nov. 25 (after 3 p.m.) and 26 helpful, but be very cautious on Nov. 27.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly and discourage changes, quarrels and quarrels. Just be patient and wise. Routine strongly advised on Nov. 27, 28, and 29.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep strictly to routine. Nov. 24, 25,



"I'm glad you brought Martha along—the relaxation will do her good."

21 (early), 28 (late), and 30 (to 11 a.m.) may be troublesome. Nov. 30 (after 11 a.m.) and Dec. 1 (after 9 a.m.) should be fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Success and romance likely. Seek ambitious goals and changes. Nov. 28 and 29 excellent. Nov. 28 (midday) very good.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Beware of delays, worries, indiscretions, and extravagances. Nov. 27 and 28 adverse, and Nov. 29 desperate and poor. Nov. 30 (to noon) poor. Routine work is best.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Nov. 25, 27, 28 (except midday), and 30 poor. Be patient Dec. 1. Nov. 29 quite fortunate, as are 30 and 31.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A very good week. Nov. 23, 29, 30 (after 11 a.m.), and Dec. 1 (after 9 a.m.), all fair. Nov. 24 and 25 poor, and Nov. 27 very adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Keep busy, but avoid rashness and extravagance. Nov. 25 excellent, but avoid upsets on Nov. 27, 28, and 29.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Mild routine likely on Nov. 25 and 27 (worst days, 28, 29, and Dec. 1). Routine work advised, but don't despair for there are good weeks ahead.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A fairly routine week if you utilize it wisely, particularly on Nov. 25 and 29. Nov. 28 (midday only) fair, but Nov. 30 and 27 poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Be discreet and dodge upsets, changes, extravagance, and arguments with loved ones. Nov. 27, 28, and 29 adverse, and Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents an astrological diary as a matter of convenience, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA 11-22 (expire Nov. 29, end of following year).

BUTTER 11-25 (expire Nov. 25, end of following year).

MEAT 11-28 (expire Nov. 28, end of following year); green, 11-29 (expire Nov. 29).

CHICKEN 1-26 current.

NEW ISSUE NOV. 29 AND 30.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board yacht *Argos* is
BETTY: His daughter. They call at a tropical
harbor. Natives come aboard, including
THE CHIEF: Head of the tribe. His attempt to

kidnap Betty fails, and Mandrake scares him with magic. Then he tells Mandrake that while on a canoe trip when a young man, a tribe of women warriors attacked and conquered him and his party and took them to a place called Amoz Island. Before escaping from the women he saw a flame pearl.
NOW READ ON:



AS MANDRAKE LEAVES THE OLD CHIEF, THE INTERPRETER TELLS THEM THAT TO FIND AMOZ ISLAND, THEY MUST PADDLE FOR THREE MONTHS TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN...



AND THAT IS HOW THE CHIEF GOT THE FLAME PEARL.

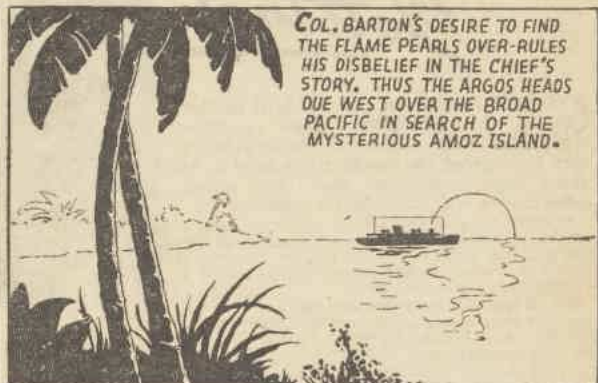
WHAT A COCK-AND-BULL STORY!

I DON'T THINK SO, BARTON. IF WE'RE TO FIND THE FLAME PEARLS, WE'LL HAVE TO FIND AMOZ ISLAND FIRST.



THE CHIEF'S TALE ABOUT ISLAND AMAZONS IS RIDICULOUS, MANDRAKE.

IT'S THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE TO THE FLAME PEARLS, BARTON. AMOZ ISLAND MUST BE IN THIS GROUP. IF IT TOOK THE CANOES THREE MONTHS TO REACH IT, WE CAN DO IT IN SEVERAL DAYS.

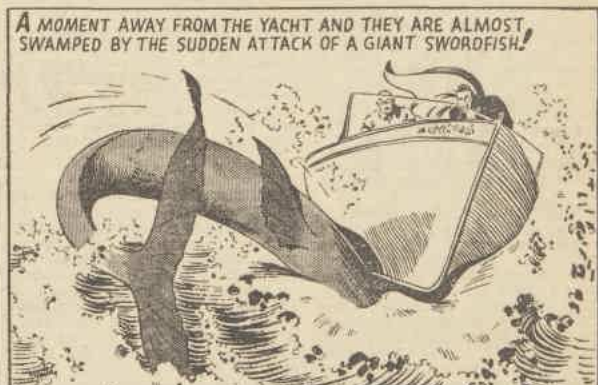


COL. BARTON'S DESIRE TO FIND THE FLAME PEARLS OVER-ROLES HIS DISBELIEF IN THE CHIEF'S STORY. THUS THE ARGOS HEADS DUE WEST OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC IN SEARCH OF THE MYSTERIOUS AMOZ ISLAND.



AN ISLAND OF AMAZONS! MANDRAKE, I WANT TO GO, TOO!

YOU'D BETTER WAIT, BETTY, UNTIL WE FIND WHAT'S AHEAD. THIS MAY NOT BE AMOZ ISLAND.



A MOMENT AWAY FROM THE YACHT AND THEY ARE ALMOST SWAMPED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK OF A GIANT SWORDFISH!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF SMOOTH SAILING, LAND IS SIGHTED!



HERE HE COMES AGAIN! IF I ONLY HAD A HARPOON.

LOTHAR-- ME GET!



ARMED ONLY WITH A SMALL KNIFE, LOTHAR ATTACKS THE MARINE MONSTER!

TO BE CONTINUED



CUTTING THE CAKE. Neville Christie and his bride, formerly Sheila Moss, cut wedding cake at reception at Australia Hotel. Sheila is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Moss, of Bellevue Hill. Couple will make their home on Neville's property, Baroona, Singleton.



ATHLETE WEDS. Dr. Brian Dunn and his bride, formerly Marge Booth, leave St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Marge is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Booth, of Maroubra. Brian is co-holder of Australian 100 yards sprinting record, and is only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Dunn, of Roseville.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Ralph Doyle and his bride, formerly Mrs. Edna Penn, twin daughter of Mrs. Reynolds and late Mr. Walter Reynolds, after marriage in suite of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cresson Smith at Australia Hotel.

Intimate Gossipings

GOSSIP centres on parties held in Sydney to celebrate Royal wedding in London, Don Bradman's 100th birthday, and how awful the weather has been to get those legs suntanned now that nylons seem to be still a myth for most of us.

Everyone marking time for pre-Christmas flurry of parties. They are arranged in every age group from the very, very young in the jelly and bon-bon stage to stately matrons who will appear wearing copies of French models to super parties.

But as usual it's the young sub-debs. and debs. who lead the interest field, and many parents have consented to have cocktail parties and dances for their sons and daughters over festive season.

Barbie Saxton leads off with her cocktail party last Saturday when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Saxton, and sister Winsome entertained at party which was to celebrate Barbie's birthday. Party was held at the Saxtons' home at Double Bay. Marcia Moses was to have held cocktail party on same night as Barbara's, but succumbed to an attack of the measles, so party was called off until December 19, when she is up and about again. Another popular lass laid low with same complaint is Beth Campbell.

COCKTAILS will be dispensed by attractive Lyndall Thompson when her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Francis C. Thompson, of Bellevue Hill, invite all Lyndall's young friends to a party on December 6. Mrs. Thompson doubtful just where they'll all fit in house as list grows longer and longer, but I suggest that to the guests it will be a case of the more the merrier.

INVITATIONS have been sent out by Ken Triggs, son of the Oliver Triggs, to his friends to attend a supper dance at their Darling Point home on December 13. One hundred guests will dance in the ballroom, and party promises to be one of brightest of pre-Christmas "dos."

THE Pickwick Club will be scene of two dances on December 8 and December 9. Rosalind Doyle's father, Mr. Doug Doyle, of Darling Point, will entertain 100 friends of Rosalind's at a pre-Christmas dance on December 8. The next night Dr. and Mrs. B. P. Maguire and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stapleton will join forces to give a dance for their son and daughter, John Maguire and Patricia Stapleton.



CELEBRATION. Annette Stogdale (third from left) and fiancé Ken Bieri (left) celebrate at Prince's after engagement party at Royal Sydney Golf Club with Annette's sister Sue (Mrs. Mick Fairfax), of Tarnuk, Merriwa, and her husband. Annette is younger daughter of Mrs. Stogdale, of Double Bay, and late Mr. G. S. Stogdale.

ELANORA Golf Club lends itself wonderfully to parties and great excitement among younger set when invitations reach them for buffet dinner dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pye for their son and daughter, Tony and Shirley, on December 10. Ann Lysaght's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Lysaght, are also entertaining their daughter's young friends to a party at Elanora on December 18.

DRAWING-ROOM of the John D. K. Roches' home at Cranford, Edgecliff, will be turned into a ballroom for a Christmas dance to be held on December 20, when Diana, Judy, and John Roche will entertain about 100 guests. John will be home from Western Australia in time for dance.



PICNIC AFTERNOON TEA at India v. Australia XI cricket match at Sydney Cricket Ground for Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Seaton, who watch match. Record crowd at ground see Australia's Don Bradman get his 100th century.

BUSY with her studies and getting ready for exams in last year Arts course, Andree Du Boise crams in trousseau shopping between times. Andree expects to sail for England in the City of Capetown some time towards middle of December. Her marriage with fiancé Lieut. James Kelly, R.N., of Dorset, will take place in March or beginning of April next year when James gets leave. Andree's sister Suzanne will accompany her to England and be one of her three bridesmaids.

PUT long-distance telephone call through to Allowah, Young, to talk to Jean Wickham and find out if any date is set for her marriage in England with Lieut. Michael Vaughan, R.N. Jean arrived back in Australia recently after seven months in England, during which time she announced her engagement to Mike, whom she met in Sydney during war years. "Don't think I'll be getting married until about July of next year," Jean tells me, and adds that her return home to Australia is with mixed feelings. "It's wonderful to be home, but seems a long way away from Mike," she says. Jean spent most of her time in London with another lass from New South Wales, Beth Wake, of Dubbo, who returned to Australia with her. Beth announced her engagement to Dr. Mick Busby, of Bathurst, when she arrived home. Jean's ring is rubies and diamonds, and Beth is wearing a ring of sapphires and diamonds.

NEWS on the baby front... twin boys, Jamie and Ian, for Antilla and Jim Davidson, of Yarran, Young... Allan and Sheila McArthur, formerly of Armidale, now of Double Bay, choose name Diane for their second daughter... Christina is name chosen by Louise and Russell Catts for their new daughter.

DECEMBER 1 chosen by Topaz Lord, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Lord, of Sydney, for her marriage with David Hope, of Wallendbeen station, Wallendbeen, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hope, of "Dingy Dings", Stockinbungal. Topaz recently arrived back in Sydney in the Orion after twelve months' trip abroad.

LOVELY bride Margaret Swales chooses filmy white marquisette for her wedding gown when she weds Wing-Commander Bob Spencey at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Margaret's brother, Bill Emery, of Collingwood, Ounipat, gave her away and his two small daughters, Janet and Margaret, were flower girls, while Mrs. John Yates was matron of honor. After ceremony more than 100 guests entertained at Usher's Hotel, where bride's mother, Mrs. H. E. Swales, of Potts Point, receives guests.

THEY'RE announcing their engagements... Patricia Cox, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cox, of Penshurst, to Flight-Lieutenant Denys Bolton, R.A.P., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bolton, of Denmark, Western Australia. Patricia wears solitaire diamond ring. No plans made for wedding as Denys departs for Japan for B.C.O.P. Joy, only child of the Reg. McIlwains, of Cam's Creek station, Gippeland, Victoria, and Hilton McRae Schaefer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Schaefer, of Florida, Walcha.

SMART group dining at Romanos included the Hon. Hilley Bathurst and Mrs. Bathurst; Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macbeth, who were fellow travellers with the Bathursts in the Orion; Alisa Macbeth and John Gould.



LEAVING All Saints', Woolahra, by car for reception at Ranch, Ian Stewart and his bride, formerly Carmel Draper, only child of the Donald Drapers, of North Sydney, formerly Rose Bay. Ian is younger son of Mrs. S. Stewart, of Vaucluse, and of late George Stewart, of Port Moresby.



SINGERS. Eleanor Houston and Newton Goodson, who will sing at Conservatorium on December 1. Newton has been granted bursary for Royal College of Music, London, by New Zealand Government.

A Matter of Priority

Continued from page 7

BUT I saw only too clearly that my failure to supply the young man with his machines and presses had damaged my chances with the blonde. That was bad. Seemed as though I'd get nowhere with her unless I did something for him.

J.B. is a tough man. To J.B., a regulation is a regulation and nothing can be done about it. But I drew on reserves of persuasiveness and argument I never knew I had, and in the end the old warhorse capitulated—slightly.

"All right, Garrett. If Wallworth can come here and prove to my satisfaction that a contract is forthcoming, I'll wangle a priority. What is he producing, anyway?"

For the first time I realised that I didn't know. All I knew was that he'd studied plastics before the war, had made certain discoveries which he intended to commercialise.

"I'll let him tell you about it in his own way," I said. I had learned early in life never to admit to your boss that you didn't know something.

I rang Wallworth and told him the news. He was delighted.

"I'll be over straight after lunch," he whooped. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Garrett. Gosh, I was worried stiff. In fact, I'd almost decided to ask my fiancée to postpone our wedding. Now we can go right ahead."

"That's fine," I said, my throat dry. "Congratulations."

"Thanks again, Mr. Garrett. Well, bye for now."

I hung up. What an ass I'd been! Never once had I connected Wallworth and the blonde in that light. Now it was clear enough.

Lunching together, she snuggled at my inability to help him; helping him herself, in some mysterious way, by walking most of the way to work.

After lunch Wallworth arrived at the office. To my surprise the blonde was with him, one of her gloved hands in his. There she was, flushed and smiling at me, sending tingles along my spine, undoing all my good work in giving Geraldine the go-by for a tasteless lunch farther down the street.

"Mr. Garrett, this is Judy Murray, the most important link in my evidence," said Wallworth. "Though I think you two have met."

The girl colored slightly. "I'm afraid I behaved atrociously this morning. It was kind of you to Jo this for us, Mr. Garrett."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "It's not my fault. Anyway, shall we go in?" We went in. The sooner his business was over, the better I'd feel about my enthusiasm for Mr. Wallworth and his affairs.

"All right," rasped J.B. after the introductions. "Now let's get down to business. How does this young lady come into it?"

"Well, sir," said Wallworth. "Judy—Miss Murray is private secretary to old—to Mr. Maxard, who has his head office in the building across the street. I have developed a new plastic. It is tough and remarkably durable, also light. Mr. Maxard likes it, but wanted proof of the durability I claimed for it."

"Maxard," J.B. mused. "Not old Tom Maxard, of Maxard Shoe Stores?"

"Yes, sir. He said that if I proved my plastic shoes were as tough as I claimed, he'd give me a big order. So we arranged a test. Show Mr. Costly your shoes, Judy."

The girl obliged, poking her pretty legs straight out in front of her. J.B. peered round the corner of his desk, then shifted his chair to get a better view.

"Do you mean Miss Murray has been walking from King's Cross to Maxard's office just as a test?" I said, light dawning.

"That's right," Wallworth said. "I felt that a successful test by Mr. Maxard's own secretary would get me the contract. It was easy to arrange, me knowing Miss Murray rather well."

He smiled sideways at Judy. "We worked out a schedule. By Friday week she will have covered the required mileage, and there's hardly a sign of wear yet. Take a good look at those shoes, Mr. Costly."

Mr. Costly needed no encouragement. "Remarkable!" he said throatily.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

drawing his chair closer to the outstretched legs. "Hm. What mileage did you say had been done?"

Later, leaving Wallworth with J.B., Judy and I strolled along to my office.

"It was sweet of you to arrange that interview," she said. She was smiling, and her eyes were soft and lovely. No girl as beautiful as she, and engaged to be married, should look at another man like that.

"George was thinking of postponing the wedding," she went on. "I can hardly wait to let my sister know it'll be on as planned."

I grinned understandingly. Sisters do feel deeply about a wedding in the family.

"And that reminds me," I said. "Congratulations."

"What for?" she smiled. "Getting my sister safely married?"

"What? You mean... you're not... I mean..." My heart did a back-flip. Did this mean my priority had improved?

Laughter bubbled joyously from her throat. It was music, and the light in her eyes was what a man dreams about in his more optimistic moments.

"Dear me!" she said. "You do seem confused, Mr. Garrett."

"The name's Bill," I said. "Look, to-morrow I'll be lunching at Geraldine's again. Will you join me? And Monday week my car will be out of dock and you'll be finished with that shoe test. Will you ride with me?"

"I'll ride with you, Bill," she said softly. "I'll ride with you—all the way." (Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl, Robin Morgan, earns 125 dollars (about £40) per week in New York as a "disc jockey" on a New York radio station.

A disc jockey is an announcer who puts on records and gives a running commentary in between.

Robin keeps up a patter of mild fairy tales, stories, and jokes. Sometimes she interviews celebrities.

She was given her own show after appearing in another radio show, "Juvenile Jury."

Her father is a doctor with the U.S. Occupation Army in Germany, and her mother a New York corset designer. Her family say that she is not outstandingly clever at anything else except talking. She can't read, and has not yet been to school.

She told one reporter: "I used to talk to my aunt when I was eight months old and she pushed me in my carriage. People thought we were crazy, but we didn't care."

Champion clog-dancer

AFTER we published an article about George Formby, mentioning in passing that Beryl Formby had been the world's champion clog-dancer, we received a letter from Mrs. A. Brooke, of Five Dock, New South Wales, who tells us that her mother, Tina Royal, was really the world's champion lady clog-dancer.

Mrs. Brooke says that her mother (the wife of George McIntosh, the world's champion male clog-dancer) first won the title at the Grand Theatre, Bolton, Lancashire, in 1903, and retained it at another contest at the Tivoli Theatre, Manchester, in 1915.

"The contest has never been held since, so, though 70 now, she still holds the title," writes Mrs. Brooke.

For 27 years the pair toured England with a double act. Mr. McIntosh danced until his death two years ago, and always expressed the view that tap-dancing was child's play compared with clog-dancing.

Mrs. McIntosh (Tina Royal) gave up the stage at the age of 50, but taught dancing until last year.

Animal Antics



"People sure are stupid!... All they can say is 'Polly want a cracker.'"

Water shortage

EVER since an official from the Water Board called on us last week we've been guiltily turning off taps and rationing the bath water to a more seemly level.

The Board wants Sydney people to realise that unless they're more careful with water there'll be restrictions. Dry weather and increased consumption are responsible. Consumption is quite remarkable. In 1943-44 it averaged 99 million gallons per day. Last year the average was 133 million gallons.

One reason, the Board spokesman suggested, was the return of so many men from the war all keen on gardening. More homes with hot-water services, too.

The second pipeline from the Warrumbungle River will take 18 months or two years more. The dam will take seven to 10 years. Even if enough men and materials were available, it would take five years.

There'll be plenty of water then. In the meantime, better turn off the tap!

Azaleas from Belgium

FIFTY azaleas were brought from Bruges, Belgium, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis when they returned to Sydney recently after five months abroad.

Mrs. Davis, who is honorary director of the Red Cross Chelsea Flower Show, has a very fine collection of azaleas.

The plants were nine weeks at sea, on deck. Often Mr. Davis got up at 2 a.m. to cover them with tarpaulin to protect them from sea-spray.

A huge gilded certificate of health, written in French and Flemish, from growers in Bruges accompanied the plants, but quarantine precautions in Australia included hosing all the soil from the roots.

"I thoroughly approve of the quarantine precautions, and the officials were most helpful," said Mrs. Davis. "But you can imagine how I felt when I saw the bare roots. We rushed them home by car and got them into soil."

"All but two are doing well."

Mr. Davis, who is manager of Sydney's Musica Viva Society, recently visited Melbourne to organise the concert which the society will give in the Melbourne Town Hall on December 6.

Parked in a street in Melbourne's

Toorak recently was a decrepit touring car, vintage late nineteenth twenties. Across the bonnet in impenetrable white lettering was the inscription, "Mrs. Frequently."

Homely

A MOTHER we know has the radio switched on all day and every day when Parliament is sitting, although she has never been a radio fan.

She explained her liking for Parliamentary broadcasts to her daughter the other day.

"I just can't feel lonely when Parliament is on the air," she said.

"They squabble and argue all day, and it just seems as though the whole family is home again."

"Of course, occasionally I hear some good debating, too," she added as an afterthought.

The Dog Who Wanted to be a Cat

Continued from page 5

FLINGING her arms round Don, the girl, in an ecstasy of amusement, watched the big, half-grown dog solemnly licking the cat's shoulders.

Days went by and nobody came for the dog, who gradually came to understand that his name was now Tim. Happiness grew in his heart and finally obscured the ache for the man whom none in the household at the foot of the hill knew.

Here he was loved and wanted, and again he slept in the kitchen, but this time the cat was in a basket close by.

He was devoted to her, and being wholly feminine, she traded upon it, leaving no doubt in his mind that she considered herself superior in every way, a theory to which he meekly subscribed. Was she not small and tidy, controlled in all her ways? Could she not sit in a lap, graceful and serene?

When she was engaged upon an extensive toilet she permitted him to lick the shining fur on her back. Occasionally, as one conferring a favor, she would lick him in return. "Of course," the girl said one day.

"I'll always adore Tibby, but he's an angel dog."

"You're trying to make a poodle out of him," Don accused, laughing. "I like that, when you're ever trying to get bits of him on to your lap."

"Well, Tibby gets all the nursing in this house."

"Oh, I'd have cried if anybody had claimed him," the girl said. "Nobody will now."

"Wasn't it funny," she said, "the way he turned up on Tibby's birthday? Do you think they'll get on as well when she has her kittens?"

"We'll have to keep a watch."

But the only change in Tibby's attitude when the kittens arrived was one of increased tyrannical superiority which the dog accepted with humility. He spent hours loom-ing over the box in which she had her kittens, watching her groom and feed them with respectful admiration.

As they grew older and she allowed him to nose them gently, his tail moved in a fury of pleasure, but if she banished him with a sharp rap of her paw he retreated, patient and crestfallen.

When the kittens began to run about he was constantly making swift returns from some foraging expedition to keep a watchful eye on their caperings in the garden. Sometimes in his hurry to investigate he would overreach himself and send one or two of them sprawling.

On such occasions Tibby made it clear she considered him an over-

grown, clumsy fool, and he would slink away abashed.

One morning he heard a wild, croaking cry of fear and hate from Tibby's throat. In a mad spatter of speed he raced to her side. Facing her was a big, heavily-built black dog with his coat bristling on his lion-like shoulders. Behind her were the kittens.

With scarcely a glance Tim launched his gangling young strength on the invader. There were anarls and growls, a hurtling of bodies, and then sharp yells of pain as the marauder turned and ran.

"He saved her life and the kittens," the girl said, later in the evening. "You should have seen him fight. Don—I didn't know he had it in him!"

"That's a nasty bite," Don said, leaning down to examine one of Tim's huge, shaggy ears and gently patting his head.

Tibby came up, pressing herself against the man's legs. When she repeated the performance against the dog's long forelegs and purred loudly he gravely accepted her attentions, lowering his head a little as if in acknowledgment.

Afterwards there was a distinct change in Tibby's attitude, noticed by the girl and the man, but intimately communicated between the dog and cat. From being condescending she became deferential.

As he grew accustomed to her new behaviour it came to him that he no longer wanted to be a cat, small and helpless in the face of big dangers. He was glad he was a dog.

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 29, 1947

MARCUS CLARK'S. — THE BIG MAIL ORDER STORE, Central Square, Sydney. — It pays to shop by mail.

ELIZABETH AND HER MA



BRIDESMAIDS' FROCKS of diaphanous ivory silk tulle were inspired by the pictures of Winterhalter, Tuxen, and Sir George Hayter at Buckingham Palace. The tight-fitting bodice is shirred down the centre-front, the shoulders swathed with a deep fichu of pearl-spotted tulle, bordered with a delicate trail of applied white satin syringa.

DETAIL of the bridesmaids' frocks, showing how the skirt has clusters of syringa flowers in satin applied to repeat the effect of embroidery on the bridal train.

★ Every woman in London is in raptures over the fairy-tale dresses which Princess Elizabeth and her eight bridesmaids wore at the Royal wedding. Here we reproduce original sketches by Norman Hartnell, British designer, who has added more laurels to his own famous name and increased the prestige of British fashion with these lovely creations.



THE BRIDE'S SHOES—ivory duchesse satin self-lined sandals. They are in one piece with reverse folds on the high instep strap and across the front. They are finished with silver buckles studded with small pearls.



BRIDESMAIDS' HEADDRESSES. Hand-made white satin illies and London Pride finished with pearls and crystals are combined with ears of wheat. They were worn well back on the head.

THE WEDDING DRESS, specially drawn by Hartnell to show the design in detail of the pearl and crystal embroidery is a princess gown in ivory duchesse. The shaped neckline is embroidered with a star flower, the swirling skirt is plain design inspired by the paintings of roses and wheat, and forming a fine bands of orange-blossom and star flowers. The tulle bordered with seed pearls and crystals presented by the Worshipful Company member of their society.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 28, 1947

KIDS WORE FAIRY-TALE DRESSES

*Designer Hartnell's
own sketches*



ANOTHER SKETCH of the wedding dress, which is worn with full Court train, 15 feet long, of ivory silk tulle, edged with satin flowers and embroidered in pearls and crystal.

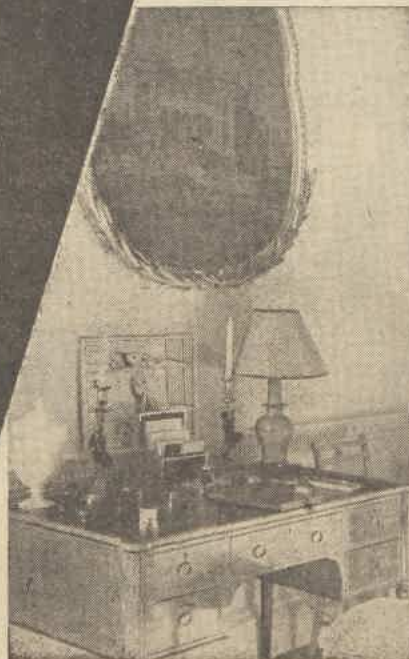
HONEYMOON HOUSE



DINING-ROOM at Broadlands. The Mountbatten house in the New Forest is now a hospital but for a few rooms retained for private use.

WRITING BUREAU in a corner of the boudoir at Broadlands (left).

DRAWING-ROOM at Broadlands, where the Royal pair will spend the first few weeks of their honeymoon.



It
The heart-
pearls and crystal.
of pearl-embroidered
hand-embroidered in a
representing garlands
with ears of corn in
between the garlands
around the hem, are
applied with transparent
The bridal bouquet was
Gardener, who chose a
to make it.



I UCY met Alex's eyes, uneasily, and I thought he looked only mildly amused and curious. But it was hard, as I have said, to tell.

"How old are you, Miss Nagelbush?" he asked.

It wasn't unusual for Alex to use a performer's real name, but in this case his question left no doubt about his sarcasm. After one panicked look at me, Lucy froze.

"Let's recollect," Alex went on almost as though he were talking to himself. "You're thirty-eight. Twenty years in pictures married three times, still have a husband some place. You look about twenty-four under a soft-focus lens."

He paused. "Josh," he went on, his voice still casual and reflective, but his eyes now drilling directly into Lucy's. "Josh is just twenty-four. Do you like working in pictures, Miss Nagelbush?"

I watched Lucy grow older. A bitter look came over her face. There wasn't anything she could say, but she tried.

"Alex—you know I only wanted to be a friend to Josh..."

Alex sighed, almost regretfully. "Shall I go on with your biography, Miss Nagelbush?"

Lucy stood up quickly.

"No, you win," she said. "You always win. I should have remembered that." There was only a slight hint of anger in her voice. "I'm sorry, Josh," she said. "It's been nice knowing you."

She turned back to Alex. "I like working in pictures, Alex," she said. Alex made his eyes genial again.

"That's fine, Lucy. Let's see—you should be working on Stage Eight right now, shouldn't you?"

As far as Lucy was concerned she was reprieved and dismissed. There was a silence in the room after she'd gone. I stood up when Lucy stood

Continuing... The Brick Wall

from page 9

up; now as I sat down I found Alex's eyes on me. I took my cue and popped off.

"I'm of age and I'm not a fool! I was angry enough to forget Daisy's presence."

"You're an indiscriminate young goat," Alex said. "And Lucy is almost old enough to be your mother."

"I wasn't trying to make her if that's what you're implying. She happens to be intelligent and she knows a lot about pictures—which I find interesting enough without having her for my mistress."

Alex considered me for a moment. When he spoke, his voice was calm. "She was my mistress," he said "when you were a child."

I guess my mouth must have dropped open, but nothing came out. Daisy got up. "I'll be in the outer office—"

"Did I tell you to leave, Miss Hathaway?" Alex asked quietly. Daisy sat down again, and Alex turned his eyes back to me.

"So you are of age?" he went on in the same quiet voice. "Is there supposed to be some magic point in time when a boy suddenly acquires a man's brain? I've never seen it happen. The passage from one year to another does not automatically bestow intelligence. At least it doesn't seem to have had that effect on you. You can't keep away from actors, can you?"

His eyes hardened again.

"When are you going to learn that only a fool would want to become an actor? And only an actor would want to mouth other people's words, take direction from other brains, posture and strut about in contrived personalities that most of the time could only exist in some paid writer's head."

I looked at Daisy. She seemed

to be asleep with her eyes wide open.

"I want you to manufacture illusion," Alex went on, "not believe in it. You stick to that cutting-room, and in a year or so I may try you out as an associate producer if you behave yourself and stay away from actresses."

"You married an actress," I said. "If you don't happen to remember, she was my mother."

It didn't impress Alex.

"Yes," he said dryly, "and I'm giving you the benefit of my experience. The actress you speak of managed to evade the responsibility of rearing her only child. In view of that fact I hardly consider her entitled to be called a mother for eternity."

The scandal of my mother, who had run away to England with a British actor named Farnsworth about a year after I was born, was a story that was well known in Hollywood but not often mentioned between Alex and me.

The fact that Marie Wickham had tried unsuccessfully for 15 years to get custody of me did not alter the world's viewpoint.

I couldn't successfully defend my mother against Alex's righteous position, though I often thought to myself that Alex's colossal arrogance would be enough to drive any sensitive woman crazy. Marie Wickham had been dead for eight years, but I had secretly built up an idealized image of her as a very put-upon woman who had found life with father quite unendurable.

Alex was speaking again. "It will be different, of course, Josh," he said easily, "when you learn how to handle women."

BUTCH



"I never could get up th' nerve to come in in broad daylight an' ask for a girlie."

you think you have to be ruthless to protect yourself."

"Indeed?"

"You're afraid," Daisy went on. "It's fear of failure that obsesses you—anti-feminist men like you, Mr. Hanley. Your entire belief in yourself would go tumbling down if you ever admitted to one little mistake, one error in judgment. You're afraid all the time—"

The telephone interrupted Daisy, and Alex reached for it. "Yes? What is it?" he said into the phone.

I stared at Daisy with amazement. She was gazing at the tips of her shoes as though gathering her thoughts, getting them ready for another attack on Alex.

Alex's eyes were getting hard as he listened on the phone. When he spoke his voice had an edge to it.

"I okayed those sets myself." Then he listened some more, and finally cut in impatiently. "We're making pictures in this studio, not poems. I don't care about the mood. You go ahead and use those sets." Alex's brows knit together in a deep frown.

"They have to fit," he went on, sharply. "they're double-checked in the art department." He got up with the phone in his hand, still talking. "You wait there. I'll be right over."

Alex dropped the receiver and Daisy started right in again.

"You see?" she said. "You're never wrong, are you? You have an aggression compulsion that—"

"When I require a psycho-analyst, Miss Hathaway, I'll hire a man who has a licence to practise." Alex turned on me. "I'll want to talk to you when I get back." He walked across the room and shut the door after him. Daisy regarded me with a strange smile.

"Why don't you speak up for yourself?" she asked. "You've got a tongue."

"You're not afraid of him at all, are you?"

"Of course I am," she said, letting out her breath. "But it's the last thing I'd let him know. He knows you're afraid of him and that's why he tramples all over you."

I laughed.

"Well," I said, "he's bigger than me and he's had a few years' head start. Aren't you afraid he'll hit you, Daisy?"

"You don't understand your father," Daisy said. "It would be against his principles to show that kind of weakness to a woman. I'll bet if I asked for a raise he'd give it to me. In fact, I'll do it."

Please turn to page 28

She walked out on £500 a week!

When London-born Ida Lupino arrived in Hollywood to play "Alice in Wonderland," she set film world humming by refusing £500 a week offer. She'd play drama or nothing! Hollywood capitulated. So the dramatic Lupino stayed to hear critics praise tragic role in "The Light That Failed." Now top-ranking Warner Bros. star gets choice roles such as latest in "The Man I Love."



IN SLACKS AND WINDBREAKER Ida fills in time between films sailing off rugged Californian coast. Asked how she safeguards her film star complexion against strong sunlight and sea breezes she says: "I always depend on Lux Toilet Soap facials. I cover my face generously with the rich creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, then pat dry." And that's the beauty care of 9 out of 10 film stars.

FOR YOU — that Hollywood look! Just use pure white Lux Toilet Soap yourself. Tests have proved that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with Lux Toilet Soap active-lather facials.



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The Brick Wall

Continued from page 26

FOR a moment, I could only stare at Daisy in complete astonishment. At length, I fairly gasped, "But you're crazy."

"If you want to see Lucy again, why don't you?" Daisy asked.

"Neither of us wants to see each other that much. Listen, about that raise?"

"There must be something you want to do," Daisy said. "You look awfully frustrated to me."

"You heard Alex on the subject of actors. That's the only thing I want to do Act."

"What's stopping you?"

"Don't be silly."

"You're being silly, letting your father dictate—"

"Listen," I almost yelled, "I tried. There isn't a director in this studio who would put me in a mob scene."

"There are other studios—"

"You know better than that," I said irritably. "I'm on a special black list as far as acting is concerned. All the big studio heads stick together."

"You haven't any resourcefulness at all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Asa Marshall. Why don't you go to him?"

"Good heavens," I said, "Alex would never speak to me again. Marshall's his worst enemy."

Daisy said serenely, "Of course—and Marshall's studio is even bigger than your father's."

"You are crazy," I told her. "Now I'm convinced of it."

"Marshall would give you a chance if he knew it would make Hanley mad."

"Listen," I said, "Alex is pretty tough with me, but, after all, he's my father and he's taken care of me all my life. I couldn't do a thing like that to him. It would be sticking a knife in his back."

"Nonsense," Daisy said. "The only respect you'll ever get from your father is by showing him you're as tough as he is, or thinks he is—tough enough to stand on your own two feet. Of course," she shrugged, and gave me a wicked sideways glance, "of course, if you're afraid you'll flop—"

"Listen," I said hotly, my vanity rising along with my blood pressure,

"they thought I was pretty good at U.C.L.A. I helped run the dramatics class and—"

"And your name was Hanley," Daisy sniffed.

"Oh, shut up and listen. We had a play that looked pretty good. A guy who was in my class when I was a student wrote it. Harry Kingman. He's a screen-writer now. In Marshall's studio, as a matter of fact. Anyway, we put this play on at the Pasadena Playhouse and I directed it and played the lead. It was a good show and I was good."

Daisy looked interested, so I went on with a little less heat.

"Three studios tried to sign me up," I told her. "There were some talent people there. But—I could still get bitter over the memory—but Alex had his own stool pigeons there and he fixed things for me. When the people from the other studios found out I was his son and how he felt about it, about me acting, they cooled off quick."

Daisy stared at me. "Then you're more of a fool than I thought you were."

She could really make me mad.

I said, "Can't you get it through your head? I didn't have a chance. I'll never have a chance."

"Opposition," Daisy said, "usually makes most people fight all the harder. Anyone who knows what he wants to do and believes he can do it and doesn't fight for it is a fool, and I can't think of any other way to describe you. I just feel sorry for you."

"You're not even talking sense," I said. "Fighting Alex is like fighting a brick wall. I haven't got a chance and you haven't any sense of logic when you say I should fight."

"Logic," Daisy said. "What do you know about logic? What's logical about being your father's stooge? What if he dies? Who's going to

do your thinking for you then? That's the trouble with you complaint types."

"You and your phony psychology," I said.

Daisy threw up her hands.

"If you're any example of men's intelligence I don't know how they come to run the world. There's Marshall. There's your chance. Your father hasn't any scruples when he fights you." She paused.

"Your mother," she said quietly. "Your mother did what she wanted to do. I don't know if she was right or wrong, and I don't care. I



respect her courage. But I don't respect your cautious little viewpoint. If your mother wasn't happy afterward, at least she determined her own unhappiness. She didn't let someone else impose it on her as you're doing."

I was angry enough to hit Daisy. So angry I could hardly speak for a moment.

Someone came into the outer office. It was Alex, and when he came into where we were I guess my face was still flushed because

he looked at us sharply, as though he could tell exactly what we had been talking about.

"I'll send for you when I need you, Miss Hathaway," he said. He walked toward his desk.

Daisy didn't move. "I have something I want to say," she said.

"I don't think I'd be interested," Alex told her.

"I think you will be," she said.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want a raise," Daisy said.

I caught my breath.

"Did you say a raise?" Alex asked quietly. His eyes became very bright.

"I think I deserve one," Daisy said.

Alex leaned back in his chair, making the usual loud screech. Daisy didn't blink an eyelid.

"You think I'm going to fire you," he said. "So you're trying to beat me to it. Is that it?"

Daisy looked indignant.

"No, Mr. Hanley," she said. "Whatever I said to you, you asked for it. If you want to fire me because I don't agree with everything you say, then you'd better—"

"I had no intention of firing you," Alex interrupted. "Do you think I'd let a silly little girl influence me?"

"No," Daisy's voice was calm again. "I don't. I don't think you care what anyone says. I simply want a raise."

"Why?"

"I'm worth as much as you used to pay my mother. You paid her a lot more than you're paying me."

"When you work for me as long as your mother—"

"Then I'll have white hair, too," Daisy said tartly. "There are other studios and I need the money now."

It was remarkable. Alex rubbed his chin and it looked almost as though he were trying to keep from grinning as he eyed Daisy in thoughtful silence.

AT length Alex said quietly, "It so happens I was going to give you a raise, Daisy, but you spoiled my surprise." He mentioned what sounded like a very tiny sum to me. "Would that make you happier?"

"That's not as much as you paid Mother," Daisy said reluctantly.

Alex's eyes were sly. "You didn't really expect to get that much, did you?"

Daisy grinned. "No," she said. "But there's nothing like trying."

Alex waved his big hand at her. "Now get out of here and let me talk to Josh."

Daisy turned, and when her back was to Alex she winked at me.

As though something had burst inside me I suddenly felt a new kind of excitement—an adventurous feeling. Toward Alex, toward the world, toward everything. Mostly toward myself. I caught Daisy by the arm and started out with her.

Alex frowned. "I said I wanted to talk to you, Josh."

"I'll see you at home to-night," I said over my shoulder, but I didn't look at him.

In the outer office I grabbed Daisy by the shoulders and gave her a quick kiss. She caught her breath and, as I moved toward the door, she was staring at me—but, unlike Alex, she wasn't frowning.

The clock on the dashboard of my convertible said nine as I drove through the gates of our big house that night.

My hands suddenly felt moist on the steering wheel as I thought of Alex waiting for me in his leather chair in the library, waiting for me with his mind slicking like knives sharpening.

I would have to explain why I hadn't been home for dinner as usual. There were other things I wanted to explain, too. I didn't know if I would be able to do it.

I was right. Alex was sitting in his chair in the pine-paneled library with his horn-rimmed glasses on, reading a shooting script. He barely raised his head when I came in.

Please turn to page 29



AT TEN, Judith Ann was the leading "lady" of Boronia Avenue. She liked to play at "dressing-up" . . . She liked her favourite Pears Soap, too! She knew even then that teen age beauty begins with the regular use of pure, mild Pears.

GROWING LOVELIER every day, Judith Ann at nineteen was loved for her gay, natural friendliness . . . for her clear complexion, fair as the morning skies. If you asked this young lovely her beauty secret, she'd say: "Pears Soap and clear water, of course — I've used them ever since I was a baby."

Pears

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IN HER WEDDING GOWN Judith Ann is like a dream come true. If you want a fresh, younger-looking complexion, don't be careless about your soap. Change now to regular skin care with pure, mild Pears.

The Brick Wall

Continued from page 28

ALEX had a mania for having doors closed and he had an automatic device on the cherry door. I could feel it slowly closing behind my back. It made my spine tingle as I stood there facing my father.

"Mrs. Giffin isn't running a cafeteria in this house," he said, without looking up from the script. "If you want to eat, you'll have to find something for yourself in the kitchen."

"I've already eaten," I said. Alex turned a page in silence before finally looking up. Then he put the script down on a table beside his chair and stared at me through his glasses. It wasn't reassuring.

"I've got to talk to you about something important," I said.

"Indeed?" He took off his glasses and placed them carefully on top of the script. "I've had something important to ask you since three o'clock this afternoon. Who gave you permission to delegate your work on the Dawson-Calder picture to Charlie Summers?"

"I'm sorry about that, Alex," I said. I tried to keep the tremor out of my voice and my face got very red. "I'm sorry, but I'm quitting the studio. I mean I'm quitting the studio—I realise now I should have said something to you first."

"Go on," he said. He settled back in the chair, not angry, his eyes curious as he examined my face.

Suddenly the whole thing seemed childishly trivial to me, almost silly. I had a big slice of the film industry in my lap if I played along with Alex and did what he told me to do, and here I was dropping it all in the ash-can to try to be an actor and I had no guarantee other than my own dim confidence that I'd stick at it. And I knew confidence wasn't enough, nor was talent enough, nor is intelligence or hard work.

For the movies one either has that compelling quality of personality that captures the fans or one hasn't, and there is no substitute for it.

I knew being second best would never satisfy me. I would have to be the best to justify my actions and even then it would never satisfy Alex. I felt like throttling Daisy.

"Go on," Alex said, again. "I want to be an actor," I said. "I think I ought to do what I want to do for a change. I think I ought to try."

I stopped. I was really frightened. Alex was looking at me steadily without any particular expression in his eyes.

"No," he left no room for discussion or argument. I guess that's what made me mad.

"I didn't expect you to give me a chance," I said, surprised at my own quiet determination.

His eyes flickered. "Nor will any other studio," he said. "I'll see to that."

"You forget Asa Marshall," I repeated loudly.

I had never before seen the expression in his eyes then. For a second I thought he might hit me. "Is that where you've been all this time?" he asked me.

"No," I said. "I intended to see Marshall. I drove to the studio, but I changed my mind and went on to the beach."

"Indeed? What caused you to get cold feet?" He seemed more sure of himself again. Sure and a little contemptuous.

"I didn't get cold feet," I said angrily. "It just occurred to me when I was at the gate of Marshall's studio—it just occurred to me that there was something mean about the way I was going about it, so I went down to the beach to think it over."

Alex gazed at me incredulously. "You mean you still intend to go through with this?"

"I... yes," I said. "But I figured you had the right to know what I was going to do first. I figured I owed you that much. I didn't want it to be underhanded. I didn't want you to hear about it from someone else."

"Thanks," he said dryly, "but I'll allow no son of mine to go begging to Marshall."

"You can't stop me," I said quickly. "My mind's made up, and if you want me to I'll move out of the house to-night. I'll get a room at the Beverly, or Billy Dawson will put me up, but I'm going to see Asa Marshall to-morrow."

"You're just a crazy kid. You don't know what's good for you. What do you want to be an actor for? You can be one of the biggest men in the industry—"

"Then I'm crazy," I interrupted him. "I don't want to be a big man. I've got to try acting. It's in my blood—"

"It's in your head. Your mother used to talk like that, and she was a joke as an actress."

"I don't care. I know what I want to do now and I'm going to do it."

"I have a dozen reels of her stuff in my vaults. I'll run them off for you—"

"I want to see my own stuff," I insisted quietly but stubbornly.

"My own son!" Alex finally exploded. "I ought to take your pants down and whale the hide off you."

"I don't think you're big enough," I interrupted. I don't know why, but I somehow felt that the worst of the crisis had passed. I tried a grin.

Alex stared at me fixedly for a moment, then lighted a cigar, puffed on it for a while, and then studied me with intense interest.

"Where did you get the courage to tell me a thing like this?" he asked finally.

"Maybe from you," I said, breathing more easily. "Anyway, I'm glad I didn't go to Asa Marshall first."

"Oh, all right," Alex snapped. "If you won't be satisfied until you have a test, I'll give you a test. And that will be the end of it. You don't have to go crawling to that pirate."

I shook my head. "I heard what you said. That will be the end of it," you said."

"I won't go back on my word. I'll give you the test. But this has got to be kept in the family."

"No," I said. "It won't work."

"I'll supervise the test myself," I grinned. "That's just what I don't want. That will be the end of it," you said. Of me as an actor, you meant. You'd make the test and make me look like a sap. I know every trick you can pull."

"Now, Josh," Alex said persuasively. "I wouldn't do anything like that."

"Wouldn't you, though?" I laughed. "Why, I'd be the joke of the studio—"

"I give you my word."

"I've thought it all out, Alex," I said firmly. "When Marshall hears I defied you and want a test it will tickle him pink. He'd do anything for me if he thought it would make you squirm. Well, that suits me fine. Because that's what I want. The best test any studio turned out. I can trust Marshall, because he'll have a good motive for making me look good."

"Who put you up to this?" Alex demanded. "You haven't the sense

to think up a scheme like this alone."

"You did," I said. "When you gave Daisy that raise."

"What?"

"When you gave Daisy that raise. It woke me up. You only get what you want in this world if you ask for it, or fight for it. I want to be an actor."

Alex stared at me. "All right," he said slowly. "You think you're tough now. You think you can get along without my help. Well, we'll see. You'd better be tough, and you'd better succeed, because you're on your own now—and don't think if your test fails you can come back to me where you left off."

He turned the ash off the end of his cigar into a silver tray on the table. "You've elected to make your own way in the world. You still have a chance to change your mind, and if you do I won't say another thing about it. But if you don't, I'll never lift another finger to help you. Never."

That was an ultimatum. But I couldn't back down—I couldn't ever respect myself again.

"What's so tough about all this?" I asked nervously, thinking how easy it was for Daisy to talk. "Millions of guys have gotten places without being Alex Hanley's son." I went on, "Maybe this is the best thing I've ever done. Maybe I'll make mistakes, but they'll be my own mistakes. But if I succeed it will be my own success. Do you want me to move out to-night?"

The expression on Alex's face might have meant anything. It seemed like forever before he spoke.

"There's no need for you to move," he said quietly. "Maybe I want to keep you around to keep an eye on you. If it makes you feel any more independent you can pay me the same rate you'd pay at the Beverly-Wilshire."

"In advance?" I asked. I was so relieved that I wanted to laugh out loud.

"It's curious," Alex said, watching me carefully. "I can't imagine what got into you all of a sudden."

Our eyes locked for a moment. There was something about the way he looked at me that made a lump come into my throat. At that moment I was fonder of him than I'd ever been before.

"Maybe I'm growing up," I said. "Indeed?" Alex said gruffly. He rubbed out the end of his cigar in the ash-tray and got out of his chair. I thought he looked a little tired.

"I'm going up to bed," he said. At the door he turned and stared at me again. He hesitated before he spoke. "Thanks."

I didn't know how to take that. I was suddenly suspicious.

"What for?" I asked carefully. "For coming to me first," he kept staring at me, then added, "Your mother never had that kind of courage."

"Maybe she was afraid of you," I said, starting to get angry.

"I imagine she was," Alex said, and his sudden smile was a rare, good one. "But then, you were, too." And he went through the door and upstairs to bed.

I got up very early next morning, bathed and dressed in a hurry, and got out of the house without seeing Alex.

Then I realised I'd better have breakfast before I saw Marshall.

I FOUND a drive-in that made a nice dish of scrambled eggs and bacon. The blonde who came with the tray had a big grin for me. It made me feel fine.

For all I knew, old Marshall wouldn't even see me—or if he did he might throw me out of his office afterwards. I was relying on surprise, on Marshall's curiosity, on his hatred for Alex to make a real break for me.

I didn't want to explain over the phone; I didn't want to take the chance of giving him a big laugh and then be told that he'd think it over.

The blonde came back again with my coffee as I was rehearsing in my mind what I would say to Marshall.

"Haven't I seen you in pictures?" she asked.

"With this face?" I said, but my heart missed a beat.

"There's nothing wrong with that face," she said, grinning at me. She was quite a dish.

"How do you think I'd look in the movies?" I asked.

She looked at me gravely. "I'm not kidding," she said. "You've got something. I'll bet you'd be swell. Did you ever try?"

I hesitated, then I told her I was on my way to see a man about a test.

Her eyes grew bigger. "Gosh," she said, "I knew it!"

I left her a dollar tip for luck. In twenty minutes I was at the outer gates of the high stucco walls that surrounded Marshall's studios.

To be continued

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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HAZEL



"She never asks for a raise. She just sits there reading the help-wanted column."

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Dear Sir,
I have to advise that we used your D.D.T. Spray in the Horse Section and in public enclosures during the last Royal Easter Show. The noticeable absence of flies in these places was a very pleasing feature of the Show.

Yours faithfully,
G. C. SOMERVILLE,
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The Manager,
Taylor's Patents Pty. Ltd.,
PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

27th August, 1947.

Dear Sir,
The Council of this Association is pleased to advise you that Taylor's No. 13 D.D.T. Spray was used in the Sheep Pavilions and other buildings of the 1947 Royal National Show and was most effective.

The Officials of this Association and many visitors whom I met were quite outspoken regarding the complete absence of flies.

Yours faithfully,
L. W. Dawson
Secretary.



1/8
A BOTTLE
ALSO THE FAMILY
ECONOMY SIZE—
A FULL PINT TO LAST
ALL SUMMER
2/11
A BOTTLE

"UNLUCKY FOR INSECT PESTS"

THE BLUNTS: Terracotta murder

● All about the house crouched terracotta horses, fine healthy creatures with fabulous hoofs and rippling muscles—but no heads. Working on the case from a psychological angle, the only conclusion I could form was that they must have been the victims of a horse-hater.

I REMEMBERED how those sadly smiling heads had grown under the careful fingers of Taffy, who explained that he modelled only kind horses. Yet, mysteriously, as each model sat drying, waiting hopefully to be baked into pottery, its head vanished.

Taffy, of course, was heartbroken. We told him stories about Bruce and the spider to comfort him. We reminded him of historic setbacks, of genius suffering through unheeding Philistines. It's all in the game, we said.

However, after the fifth and most noble steed had been decapitated we felt that even Bruce's spider would have given it away. The culprit must be found.

Slept in the detective methods of Nero Wolf. Inspector Appleby.



Taffy found a clue in the fruit bowl.

and immortal Sherlock Holmes, I cast about for motives and suspects. It was the coming of Igor to our utterly confusing week-end acroms that had given us a rush of sculpture to the head and cured us completely of our deplorable habit of checker-playing.

Even I toyed with a small portrait of one of my sons. Penny made plates that looked like empty tarts, and Taffy, of course, made horses. For many months he has been making them on and off, but never in red clay and never with the promise of their being baked and becoming book-ends or a cherished ornament.

Now for the suspects. Penny was the prime one. Motive: jealousy, indicated by his scathing remarks. "Anybody can make a horse without fur, that's chicken's food." "I bet I could make a better one, nobody ever gives me enough clay."

But on those grounds Uncle Edward could be suspect, too; he called them lions, and Taffy still bears him a grudge.

I myself was a hot candidate for the handicaps. Often I had threatened not only to behead the unfortunate beasts but to cast them into the rubbish-bin if I found any more of them hidden in my best hats or leaning at me from the drying-rack of the stove.

But, of course, if the detective is the criminal the author is cheating, so I am automatically innocent.

With me out of it, we can make a list as long as our arm.

Cousin Michael (formerly known as Tiffy, but we're all sick of the confusion) is in the throes of an attack of acute hero worship. Maybe he's jealous of the clay horses. Hm-m-m.

Opportunity? Plenty! On all the tragic occasions Michael was present.

Cousin Pobble? No. Always the victims were set at a protective height—above baby level.

Taking a few candid mental shots of all the little people concerned, I had a bouquet of flower-like faces reeking of innocence.

Sammy was the sweetest flower of the bunch to look at, yet a born saboteur. He needed no motive, no biting hate, no ancient grudge to provoke him to those five dastardly deeds, which, of course, must

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 148-154 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 29, 1947

Weekly feature
written and
illustrated by
JILL BLUNT



They'd all gone mad with the sculpture.

have all been done by the same person because of their repeated and faithful pattern. No heads!

After all, some other infant might have enjoyed the less macabre satisfaction of removing their rather weighty tails or snipping off their irresistible ears.

With that deduction I entered Sammy alongside Penny in the rogues' gallery.

I turned to Bobby, who, a month ago, had a fine motive—revenge! But since the feud had ended in a coy reconciliation three more horses had been reduced to Greek fragments.

Angela, the only little lady of the piece, had no opportunity and no motive, unless she thought to please Penny.

I had to find out, because two new horses had been born, and at all cost they had to be saved from the kiln lest Taffy should abandon all efforts to become a sculptor and go back to football.

We tried all the approved and unapproved methods of extracting confessions, everything but the glaring arc lights and the blackjack treatment. Nobody cracked.

Sammy, when questioned, refused to quail beneath my X-ray gaze, but showed his pearly teeth in a highly provocative grin and added a no-savvy stare.

Bobby gave such a fine imitation of the infant Samuel that I felt like slapping him anyway, guilty or not guilty.

Penny, who was grilling unmercifully, took an attitude of aloof scorn, asking why he should destroy anything he thought so little of.

I assembled the company. Those who could understand English listened with rapt attention, as I went over the history of the disappearing heads, and now I said, "I would like to inspect your hands."

I was baffled. Every child had the usual quantity of mud and jam clinging to his fingertips and nestling under his nails, and every child had absolute goblets of red clay in his hair, his ears, and all the creases of his fingers. They'd all gone mad with the sculpture. Only Pobble had differed. He had red clay round his mouth, too.

As in all thrillers, the sixth hideous crime was committed.

The sixth horse had suffered the same injury as the other five, but it also had no hoofs.

We searched the house for the missing pieces. They must be somewhere. They had to be unless there were supernatural forces at work.

Taffy found a severed hoof. A clue! A clue! Where did he find it? In the fruit dish.

We all rushed to the pantry to examine the fruit bowl.

Aha, more evidence—those stalks

only an hour ago had borne some fine grapes, those brown skins, like discarded socks, had once contained bananas.

Obviously the guilty one had dropped the hoof while taking a little light refreshment.

This pointed directly at Pobble, famous for his fabulous capacity for foodstuffs. But if Pobble were the horse-breaker he must have been concealing little pink wings from us, for horse six had been set high on the bric-a-brac shelf. Or had he an accomplice?

Who done it? You tell me.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Maternal love often takes the form of over-protectiveness towards children to save them from making serious mistakes.

Mothers who do not control this feeling are attempting the impossible. They themselves have gained their knowledge from experience, and their children must do the same.

HERE is a letter from a mother who yearns to save her daughter from disillusionment, yet is helpless in the face of the girl's loyalty to a man the mother instinctively feels is wrong for her.

"MY daughter will not give up a man we know to be no good. What can I do? It would break my heart if she married him."

As a mother it is natural that you should want to save your daughter from making an unwise marriage. All mothers do. It is natural, too, that you should want to protect her from hurt with your own greater experience of the world.

But mothers have found that when it comes to matters of the heart, all their hard-earned wisdom counts for nothing. Until events prove them wrong, daughters usually persist in believing in those whom they have come to love.

Keep on pointing out to your daughter the weaknesses of this young man's character. If necessary, don't be too proud to call on others, especially those whose judgment your daughter respects. But don't try to influence her by saying continually that your heart will be broken. Your daughter will point out—with truth—that it is she and not you who is contemplating life with this man.

"RECENTLY I made an effort to come out of my shell—I have never taken girls out or cut much of a dash with them—and all my friends know it. Now they say I am a flirt. What am I to think?"

Apparently having made up your mind to it you did rather well. You should congratulate yourself on your nice work and not take any notice of your friends' leg-pulling.

"AS a bride-to-be I am being given a gift tea by one of my best friends. Which of us should invite the guests, and am I expected to show my tressou?"

When a pre-wedding tea is being given, the guest list is made out by the guest of honor, and the actual inviting done by the hostess. As the party usually takes place at the home of the hostess, it is not convenient for the prospective bride to show her tressou then. But as a rule she invites close friends to her own home before the wedding and displays her tressou then.

"THE boy with whom I have been keeping company became engaged to another girl during a visit to his home town. Should I try to get him back?"

I suggest you accept as gracefully as possible the fact that the young man you thought was yours has chosen another girl.

"AS the secretary of a newly formed social club, meeting at night, I would welcome suggestions of interesting activities that we might introduce."

If your membership is suitable, you might have games nights, play readings or performances; lectures, old-time or Scottish dancing; and, if it is possible to hire adjacent courts, night tennis. Some social clubs buy or borrow ping-pong tables and hold regular tournaments. With a young membership, quilt and dart championships are also popular.

You might also aim to raise money for some interesting cause such as a children's hospital or home. You could do this without committing yourselves to the raising of large sums or to permanently helping any one organisation.

"THE boy with whom I am in love has earned himself a bad reputation in the past, and though he has turned over a new leaf since we have been friends, people—my family included—still hold this against him. How can we convince them that he is a different person from the one they remember? They are so against him that we have taken to seeing each other in secret."

You will have to be prepared for a certain amount of disapproval until this young man has won back the respect he has forfeited. If he earnestly tries, he can live down his reputation—and knowing that you believe in him will help.

But you should not continue to see him in secret; no lasting happiness has ever been known to come of underhand meetings. Have a talk with your family, reaffirm your belief in this young man, and try to persuade them to agree to your seeing him.

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"WE are sorry for a neighbor and try to be helpful. Can you suggest how we can stop her paying us long, uninvited visits?"

Often people are credited with being more sensitive than they really are. Perhaps your neighbor is one of these, and for fear of hurting her feelings you have not made it clear enough in the past that her unexpected visits are not always welcome.

Next time she presents herself it should be possible—without being unneighborly—to find it inconvenient at that time to invite her into the house for a further chat.

"I AM badly in need of any advice that will bring my girl and me together again. Through her father, I offended her in a way that makes her say she doesn't even want to be thought of as a friend from now on."

You certainly have got yourself in a spot of bother! I don't know if you're ever going to get the girl back, but perhaps the best way to go about trying would be to convince the father that you are sorry, and ask him to intervene on your behalf. While you remain at odds with her father, the girl will feel he has first call on her loyalty.

"Stage career no help in films," says Ida Lupino

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Although she has extensive stage experience, film star Ida Lupino does not believe that a stage career is any help to a screen player.

"Stage acting is something to be forgotten when one faces the cameras, and I have seen many wonderful screen performances by young people who have never had any stage experience at all," Miss Lupino told me.

THIS provocative statement was made as we sat over lunch at the Roosevelt Hotel.

"The thought of doing a Broadway play completely scares me," said Ida.

"Two entirely different techniques are used for stage and screen.

"For instance, on the screen an actress often drops her voice to a whisper, relies on her facial expression to portray her emotions, and generally 'underplays'.

"Stage technique calls for a lot of conscious projections of voice and gestures.

"Everything must be 'larger than life' and therefore completely different from the movies."

Over her baked ham and salad Ida grew enthusiastic about her future plans. "I don't want to be a woman producer," she said, "though I have been an associate producer in one film.

"This merely meant that I had some say on the casting and interpreting of the story, but I would rather stick to acting, writing music and lyrics, and designing my own clothes. Those things keep me busy enough without sticking my nose into the technical side of filmmaking."

Ida's music has been played over the air by Johnny Green and his orchestra, and her symphonic background to "Aladdin and His Lamp" has been broadcast by Andre Kostelanetz.

This talented young Englishwoman, for she is only twenty-seven, is one of the most versatile actresses on the screen to-day.

At present she is working out a set of lyrics with Collier Young, an ex-naval officer, but she won't say

what the songs are about until the set is completed.

"I'll tell you about the book I'm writing," she volunteered.

"It is called 'A Matter Of Minutes,' and is composed of a group of short stories, each title by a different time length. For instance, the first is 'Two and a Half Minutes' and the second is 'Ten Minutes'.

"I should have them ready for publication by Christmas."

Several books have been written about the famous Lupino family of which Ida is a member.

She is always willing to talk about her colorful clan which has been playing the theatres of England and the Continent for the past four hundred years.

"A family tradition always has been that members of every new generation of acting Lupinos must make their debut at the Empire Theatre in London.

"When my turn came I was 13 years old, and played a street walker in a play with my godfather, Ivor Novello."

Intensely superstitious, Ida believes in ghosts. She is highly imaginative and dramatic, but never takes herself seriously.

Even when playing the tragic role of the unhappy girl in Warners' "Deep Valley," Ida seldom kept in character when not facing the camera.

"I must have laughs on the set," she said.

But Ida readily admits that she has the happy faculty of stepping right into character when the director calls "Action."

She can laugh and play, sleep and compose, but the moment she is required to assume her screen character, little Miss Lupino does a quick about-face, and comes up with a terrific performance.



RON RANDELL photographed on the Columbia set in Hollywood with Melbourne singer Joyce Macartney and some of the children from the film "The Making of Millie." Miss Macartney has just returned from a six months' tour of America, which she received as winner of the 1946 P. and A. Parade.



JEAN SIMMONS, who will arrive in Australia in December, proudly wears her first sophisticated evening gown to the London premiere of her film, "The Woman in the Hall." Joy Ricardo designed the strapless black velvet frock at Jean's special request.

IDA LUPINO, descendant of the Lupino family who have been famous on the English stage for many generations. A top-line film star in Hollywood, Ida is also becoming famous as a writer of songs, and has almost completed a book of short stories.



Blessed Relief from THROBBING TIRED FEET!



There's good money in this photography game—but after a day on crowded pavements, I was ready to chuck it! My feet were in agony.



Going home, the conductor noticed me limping "Tired feet!" she said, "use Rexona Ointment. It gives me wonderful relief!"



She seemed so confident, I decided to try Rexona. After bathing, I massaged my feet with it. It was amazing how quickly the painful throbbing eased.



Now I always rub a little Rexona well into my feet before going on the job. Then I'm fit for anything—even after the toughest day!



Rexona Ointment—still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

1/6 (Clay & Suburbs)

O.S. 17

Film Reviews

★★ GOLDEN EARRINGS

If audiences can believe that a British secret service colonel would fall permanently in love with a grimy gypsy they will accept this Paramount drama with equanimity.

Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich have the leading roles, and the glamorous Dietrich has hidden all her beauty (including the famous legs) under the disguise of a raven-haired, dark-skinned gypsy. Alternately tempestuous, coaxing, angry, or laughing, she acts with conviction in what must be the strangest role she has ever had. Milland, who has slipped badly in some recent films, gives a better performance this time.

In flash-back, the story shows Milland in a plane explaining to writer Quentin Reynolds the reason for his pierced ears. He relates his adventures in pre-war Germany while spying for the secret of a new poison gas.

Captured by Germans he escapes and joins a gypsy band. He is helped by gypsy Lydia, and eventually returns to England with the promise of rejoining Lydia when his job is completed and the war is over.

An interesting new personality is baritone Murvyn Vye as the gypsy king—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS

BRIEF and completely amusing. Columbia's comedy, starring Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone is

an oasis in a desert of recent melodramas.

Lucille Ball always can be relied upon to provide a first-class comedy portrayal as well as possessing the ability to wear glamor frocks to perfection, and Franchot Tone makes a splendid partner for her, with a brand of humor which is most beguiling.

The original script is by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, and director Sylvan Simon has made the most of it.

The stars play a married couple who get into ridiculous situations following Tone's efforts as an advertising slogan-writer, and Lucille Ball's interference with his plans.

Some bright satire is included with wisecracks directed against heads of advertising agencies.

Others who help to carry along the smart pace of this entertaining film are Edward Everett Horton, Gene Lockhart, and Mikhail Rasmun—Lyceum; showing.

★★ CLOAK & DAGGER

FIRST Hollywood film made by charming Lilli Palmer has been delayed in release, and because of its theme it loses topical interest.

Gary Cooper co-stars with Lilli Palmer, and together they provide the box-office attraction of Warners' release.

Cooper is an atomic energy scientist employed by the American O.S.S. to visit Switzerland, then

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Italy just before the end of World War II to discover Nazi developments on atomic work.

An encounter with a woman spy (Helene Thimig) in Switzerland is the first of his adventures, but in Italy he meets Lilli Palmer. They part with the hope of meeting again when the war ends.

Sincerity of the stars' acting will please their fans, though the story interest drags occasionally.—Regent; showing.

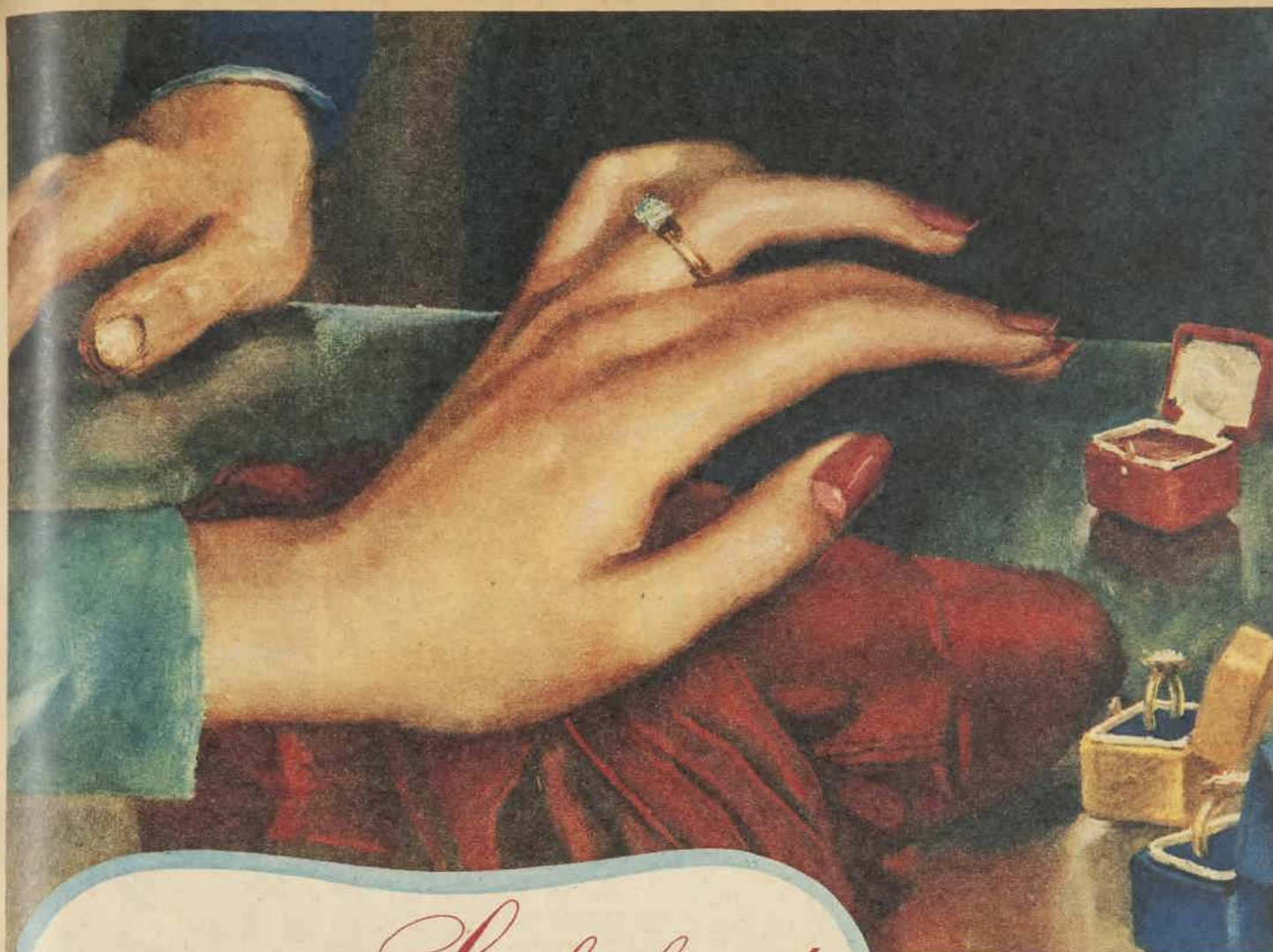
★ NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE

IN Warners' bright comedy, which at times verges on the utter slapstick, swashbuckling Errol Flynn co-stars with lovely Eleanor Parker as a quarrelsome married couple whose divorce is defeated by the efforts of their young offspring.

Said child is a personable little girl called Patti Brady.

The still handsome profile of Errol is used to good effect in his role of artist Phillip Gayley, who finds it difficult to concentrate his charm solely on his wife Ellen (Eleanor Parker). Ellen refuses to be a stay-at-home wife and puts her roving Phillip well and truly in his place, aided by her mother (Lucille Watson). The film is Eleanor's first comedy, and she brings plenty of spirit as well as good looks to her role.—Mayfair; showing.

Mystery! Crime! Detection! — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-.



KEEP THE PROMISE OF *Lovely hands*
WITH **SOFTASILK**

Jewels for a woman beloved! A diamond to sparkle like a star on her smooth fingers. Protect those lovely hands with the gentle, fragrant cream called Softasilk.

There's glamour in the precious beauty-oils that sink swiftly into the pores without a trace of grease or stickiness. Keep Softasilk at your fingertips, a tube in bedroom, bathroom, kitchen. Softasilk smooths and soothes, replacing natural oils, keeping youth and beauty in your hands.

SOFTASILK *Hand Beauty Cream*

CARRY BEAUTY
TO EXTREMES
WITH SOFTASILK

*Smooth and soften
those elbows with
gentle Softasilk.*



*Come winter or summer, keep
legs as smooth as ivory with
Softasilk!*



*Feet will be
grateful, too, for
a gentle Softasilk
massage.*



IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

G. B. Kent & Sons Ltd.,
Brushmakers

Beauty Secret . .

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set." Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set."

THE BEST BRUSH FOR
THIS PURPOSE IS . . .



* Lovely redhead DAPHNE DAY, starring in "The Kent-Cosby 'Allure' Perfume Hairbrush improves and beautifies a permanent wave and the general condition of the hair."



THE
KENT-
COSBY
(PATENT)



"Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. Kent & Sons Ltd., 24 Old Bond St., London W.1, England.
Cables: Tricho, Piccy, London.

NOTE: Stocks of the Kent-Cosby "Allure" Hairbrush are now available and can be obtained from all leading Retailers. Trade enquiries should be referred to: Hillecastle (Pty.), Ltd., 341/5 Kent Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

Sky? Self-conscious?

Then learn how this man overcame
agonising handicaps that were
ruining his life's happiness . . .



The one soap specially made to stop "B.O."

W 216.26



1 IN SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, Alexander Mac Arden (Larry Parks) meets Barbara Glowan (Ellen Drew), member of rival clan, and her cousin Robert (George Macready). Knowing of feud, Alexander decides to adopt an assumed name.



2 READY FOR VISIT to Glowan Castle after invitation from Barbara, Alexander is warned of danger by clansman Angus (Edgar Buchanan), who is very doubtful of success of the masquerade.



3 DURING FESTIVAL at Glowan Castle Alexander gains friendship of clan head, Lord Glowan, but he wins enmity of Robert when he defeats Murdoch Glowan (Marc Platt) in athletic events.



4 WARNING TO Alexander is planned by Barbara and friendly Murdoch who know that Robert intends to kill him, suspecting that he is really a Mac Arden.

THE SWORDSMAN

WILFRED PETTIT, one of Columbia's writers, was the author of this story of a bitter feud between Scottish clans. He is a direct descendant of Mary Queen of Scots.

For the film, which is in technicolor, star Larry Parks was given special instruction in fencing by Ralph Faulkner, American fencing champion.

Parks makes a good swordsman, according to his coach, who says that he combines sensitivity with excellent muscular control.

Faulkner also maintains that neurologists can learn much by studying the activity of swordsmen during combat, because the sword expresses the nervous system through involuntary movements transmitted to the point.



5 FEUD DEVELOPS when Alexander is blamed for Murdoch's murder and is trapped by Robert in spite of Barbara's attempt to save him.

6 WINNER OF DUEL with Robert, Alexander proves his innocence and feud ends with romance for him and Barbara. Robert is disowned.

STAFF MANAGER TO A CITY FIRM



CRITICISM COULD BE
KILLING WHERE I
WORK—BUT HAVE NO
FEARS FOR ME!
INecto RAPID HAIR
COLOURING KEEPS MY
HAIR NATURALLY YOUNG
LOOKING

Women everywhere are using Inecto Rapid—the accepted way to re-colour dull or grey hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

INECTO
RAPID
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FOR EXTRA SMOOTH WRITING choose the PEN that's guaranteed



- Waterman's pens have been guaranteed for over 60 years and are still guaranteed.
- Wide range of 14-carat background nibs—flexible or firm—to suit every style of handwriting.
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Make it a lovely Christmas.

Delight the heart of someone dear to you with a gift of beauty from Elizabeth Arden . . . there could be no more precious compliment to her charm. Think how happy it would make her to receive jars of her favourite creams, a big box of fragrant Ardena Powder—the newest shade of lipstick, or gossamer fine Dusting Powder. Whatever you choose will have the elegance and prestige of the name Elizabeth Arden.

Elizabeth Arden

L O N D O N • N E W Y O R K • P A R I S • S Y D N E Y

Don't get MAD!



MOSQUITOES, SANDFLIES AND OTHER BITING INSECTS WILL QUICKLY DISAPPEAR WHEN YOU USE 'SKETOFAK'.

Save your temper and use 'Sketofax' instead. 'Sketofax' rubbed lightly over exposed parts will give you many hours of effective protection from biting insects such as mosquitoes and sandflies. 'Sketofax' contains the new repellent DiMethyl Phthalate. It is a fragrant, non-greasy cream, simple and economical in use. Keep 'Sketofax' always handy and take it whenever you go 'bush'.

Available everywhere in tubes suitable for hand-bag or pocket.

PRICE 1/6



'SKETOFAK' INSECT REPELLENT CREAM

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



PAIN
you can't explain

When it's your turn to suffer—take a hint from thousands of women and remember it's time for MYZONE . . .

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special *Acetaminophen* (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." At all chemists.

TRY
MYZONE
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT "PAIN"

KEEP COOL . . . look cool

● Women who look best in hot weather are generally those who really enjoy it, and although the rest of us do not care for temperatures over the 90 degree mark we can at least plan to keep cool.

MOST useful advice from the hot weather fans seems to be—don't talk about the weather, do something about it.

Wearing cooler clothes, eating cooler foods, using cooler cosmetics, thinking cooler thoughts . . . all are part of keeping cool when it's not cool.

An acquaintance who lived for years in the tropics sets up her own cooling system when the mercury soars.

She quietly relaxes down-wind from an electric fan blowing over a large bowl of ice-cubes.

This may not be possible for the busy housewife or career girl, but everyone should plan to take things more easily in the summer.

Don't go on a single unnecessary shopping errand in the middle of the day, do the housework in sensible clothes—a sun-back dress or a playsuit—slipping on the skirt or the jacket if someone knocks at the door.

Get your hair up off your neck. Have it shortened or thinned, if necessary. Simplify the hair-do.

Shampoo oftener and dry-clean in between times, because the scalp perspires, too, in the heat.

Summer usually means swimming . . . swimming means more washing of hair. More washing means lots of hair to cope with.

No woman wants to spend half her time fussing with a hair-do, so here is a little "quickie" that will make the hair tractable in half the time—a setting lotion made by cutting two lemons in round slices, boiling them in sufficient water to cover the skins until all the juice has been extracted. Five to ten minutes should do it.

Strain the mixture and use the liquid as an ordinary setting lotion.

Once-over-lightly is the maxim for make-up. It is good for both the skin and the weather to change to lighter-weight cosmetics. Perhaps a lotion instead of a foundation cream for the normal complexion, a quick-drying liquid base for powder, or a cake make-up for "that 4 o'clock shine." More soap and water for the skin that tends to oiliness.

A warmer shade of face powder if you're suntanned. Rouge if hot weather makes you look pale, none if the complexion flushes.

And wallow in those summer foods—the more salads, fruits, vegetables, and juices, the cooler you'll be; the better your skin, too.

This is the season when you can drink your food via cooling fruit and vegetable juices, and though, of course, hot meals must appear regularly they can be kept light in quality and moderate in quantity for greater comfort.

Take hot tea instead of iced, because it is actually more cooling.

Make the morning bath a quick tonic shower, but the evening tub a lovely relaxation in deep tepid water. A bubble bath is the very thing to perk you up and float away that fretful feeling. Simply pour a little of the preparation—usually a lightly scented, fine white powder—into the empty tub under the tap, then turn the water on full force because it's the force of the water that makes the thick, sparkling bubbles rise on top of the bath.

The tub remains just as shiny and immaculate after a bubble bath as before, and you don't have to get all hot and sticky again sprucing it up for the next bather.



COOL AND CHARMING, the one-piece-plus-skirt outfit has easy lines for indoors or out.

Take time to pat yourself dry, so you won't bustle yourself into a perspiration again, finish with a cologne spray—pat some cologne on the temples, back of the neck, wrists, ankles, and elbows.

Or dust yourself off with a fragrant bath-talc.

Formula for a cooling bath is half a cupful each of baking soda and salt (when you can get it), dissolved in lukewarm water, followed by a cologne refresher.

Don't overlook the delicious chill of cold cosmetics if you have access to a refrigerator. Use a deep container that slides out easily for lotions, colognes, deodorants, and other preparations (all firmly stoppered) so you can carry everything to the dressing-table at once.

Incidentally, there's a three-in-one product on the market now—a combination deodorant, body-rub and cologne—claimed to start you off fragrantly and keep you fresh on the hottest day.

An office is probably not the coolest spot in town, so a bottle of cool cleansing lotion is a reviving thought for the midday clean-up.

A lotion-soaked piece of cotton-wool will do an adequate cleaning job before the fresh make-up, and is particularly good for dry sensitive skin that cannot take repeated soap-and-water washings.

A footnote to light steps: A dash of cologne on the feet takes a half-minute, so does a flick of powder in shoes to wear on hot pavements.

A mentholated cream makes a quick pick-up, and after the evening bath patting the feet all over with a cool lotion seems to lower the temperature several degrees.

12-Pattern layette for baby, 3/6

SPECIALLY selected for infants by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, layette comprises nightgowns, dresses, carrying-coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, mittens. Patterns are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., for 3/6, post free.

Be sure it's a CUDDLESEAT



Carry Baby with ease and smartness. ONLY CUDDLESEAT gives you safety and comfort . . . leaves both hands free

BUY FROM YOUR LOCAL STOREKEEPER

Retail Stores apply
CRAWFORD AND BROMWICH
189 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



- 1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
- 2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
- 3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
- 4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
- 5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Also in 5/6d. jars
Distributors:
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For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-0 Collins St., Melb., C.I. F2002

RHU PILLS

The Safe and Effective LAXATIVE

For Beauty!

"Coverspot" Conceals Blemishes



DETAIL of crown and anchor decoration on heart-shaped bib of apron.

Right: Lace-edged pocket with its embroidered garland of forget-me-nots surrounding heart motif, suspended from true-lovers' knot of ribbon applique.



Queen of Hearts apron

MADE of organdie or voile, this party apron would be an attractive Christmas gift.

The original was cut from two-thirds yard of pale blue organdie and yd. of white organdie. Six yards of lace are required to edge the frill. The "heart" (bib) measures about 11 x 11 in.; pockets 5 x 5 in.; skirt section 24 x 19 in. The 1 1/2 in. wide white frilling (or contrast) is cut from the fabric. Strips of blue organdie make the band and ties.

The designer worked bunches of forget-me-nots round the bottom of the apron, centred with true-lovers' knots in applique.

The heart-shaped bib carries circles of forget-me-nots with silver grey bells on the crown, which is superimposed on an anchor; underneath that are more true-lovers' knots in ribbon applique.

Hearts on the pockets are encircled with forget-me-nots suspended from true-lovers' knot of ribbon applique.

THIS pale blue embroidered organdie apron was designed by Mrs. Doepel-McColl, of Normanhurst, N.S.W. The design, she says, was inspired by the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

Two generations have worn this fluffy baby shawl...

BUT YOU'D THINK IT WAS NEW THANKS TO REGULAR WASHING WITH VELVET SOAP

says Aunt Jenny



Here's another real-life story you'll enjoy, ladies. Read the experiences of Mrs. Kinn, Spencer Street, Rose Bay, N.S.W.



"I KNITTED THIS SHAWL MYSELF,"

Mrs. Kinn tells Aunt Jenny, "just before my fourth daughter was born almost 27 years ago. It has been used for three babies—my daughter and her two little sons Gary and Darryl. I don't know what I'd do without those wonderful Velvet suds." If only you could see this shawl for yourselves, ladies, you'd agree that, though washed scores of times, it's still soft and fluffy enough for another three babies!

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out, because hard rubbing is necessary with stinky, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.

VELVET SOAP

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING MON. TO THURS. 'AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES'

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

V.15436

SEEDS TO SOW

GET the ground ready for the first lot of sweet peas—a sunny location, of course, near a fence or trellis, where the soil is good, deep, and well drained, and protected from adverse winds.

Any time from now on you can sow in open beds seeds of autumn-flowering annuals such as celosia, late asters, balsams, ageratum, amaranthus, annual chrysanthemum, cockscomb, cornflower, and helichrysum.

Others that should be sown in boxes, beds, or permanent positions are alyssum, calendula, calliopsis, Canterbury bells, columbine, dianthus, gaillardia, leptosyne, lupins, marigolds, portulaca, primula, snapdragon, stock, sunflower, sweet peas, and zinnias.

Sowings can also be made of anemones, cobaea, cosmos, iceland poppies, nasturtiums, petunias, while seedlings of many of those mentioned, to flower in autumn, winter, or the future, can also be set out.

In the vegetable line, seedlings of all transplantable species and varieties that will fruit before winter can be set out now. Seeds of the following should also be sown during December:

French beans (dwarf and climbing), lima beans (in the warm coastal areas), beetroot, brussel sprouts (in cold and southerly districts), cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cress, cucumber, lettuce, marrow, mustard, parsnip, carrot, potatoes (in south only), pumpkin, radish, silver beet, spinach, squash, sweet corn, tomato, melon, white turnips.—Our Home Gardener.

★ The Photographer SAID 'This shot should be a winner!'



★ But he MEANT

'Gosh she won't like this "candid" shot of her blotchy complexion!'

'You'll be lovely "close-up" once you clear away skin faults with

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP



• REXONA CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Turbith and Borneol, Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

A lovely skin... smooth, free from all blemishes or blackheads... Yes, constant care with Rexona Medicated Soap can make your skin delicately beautiful. Rexona, specially medicated with Cadyl, eases out embedded makeup and deep-down dirt—gently soothes away blotchiness and roughness. Keep your skin clear, lovely as a rose-petal, with daily Rexona care.

X.68.26

Split Second Relief FROM COUGHING



A Larynoid or two instantly soothes throat and bronchial passages, prevents persistent, sleep-wrecking cough. Larynoid's soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments penetrate deep down into the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, easing rawness, loosening hard mucus, relieving congestion.

"LARYNOIDS DO ALL YOU CLAIM"

"Your Larynoids are wonderful... and they do all you claim for them. I am never without a packet and recommend them to all my friends. If you could seal them by wrapping them in cellophane, you would protect both the contents and the customers," writes Mr. Ernest A. Smith, Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

Larynoids are now hygienically packed in a dust-proofed, cellophane wrapping for your protection.

AT ALL CHEMISTS



Larynoids Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

Page 37



Something **NEW** this Christmas

In any man's language, Gillette is a gift that talks sense and satisfaction. This year there's a Gillette to satisfy every preference and suit every pocket. When you give Gillette you give a razor set designed and built with the superb craftsmanship which has made the name of Gillette famous.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HANDSOME RANGE OF GILLETTE RAZOR SETS PRICED FROM 4/- TO 39/-.

NO. 40. For men who travel: Rhodium-plated heavy-type Gillette razor, with 10 Blue Gillette Blades in plated sheath, smartly packed in a flat pocket-edition case of pig-grained leather, with all-round zip fastener . . . 31/-



NO. 27. Attractively packed in a smart moulded container with cream lid and blue base, a Gillette heavy-type razor, together with a packet of 5 Blue Gillette Blades . . . 6/8



NO. 15. The Gillette "Aristocrat", a perfectly balanced one-piece razor, heavily Rhodium-plated, packed in a handsome velvet-lined nickel-plated case, with 10 Blue Gillette Blades in plated sheath . . . 39/-

NO. 77. Gillette Razor, 2 blade holders with 3 Blue Gillette blades, complete in a neat modern moulded case with decorative domed lid, in walnut colour . . . 7/3

'GOOD MORNINGS' BEGIN WITH

Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

Simple Sure Way to HAPPY FEET



Zam-Buk ends aches and discomforts

WHY put up with the aches, pains, the burning and throbbing, the sheer misery of weary feet when Zam-Buk gives quick and wonderful relief?

Bathe your feet in warm water and rub them with Zam-Buk. Rapidly absorbed by the pores, the medicinal oils in this grand herbal ointment ease the pain and tiredness, and reduce swelling and inflammation. Sore toes, chafing, and blistered heels are quickly healed if you smear with Zam-Buk and cover with a bandage or lint.

So active medicaments in Zam-Buk, with remarkable soothing, antiseptic and healing qualities, make it excellent for cuts, burns, bruises, spots, pimples, insect bites, rashes, and other skin troubles and injuries.

Never be without

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The Grand Herbal Ointment



8 bottles of
**COUGH
REMEDY**
for COST of ONE with
HEENZO

To save money by making
ONE PINT (the equal of 8
bottles) of the best cough,
cold and sore throat remedies,
add a 2/- bottle of HEENZO
to sweetened water. Adults
and children like the instant
relief and nice to take
HEENZO
COUGH REMEDY

Stay sweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

fortuna
cloth



ATTRACTIVE picnic carrier made from green canvas with appliques in scarlet-and-white cotton. Would make a useful Christmas gift.

Compact picnic carrier . . .

FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS

THE picnic carrier is made from two yards of deck-chair canvas. It has two strong handles, double outside pockets, and a flap over the top to keep out the weather.

Two "organ-pipe" loops are attached inside to hold two vacuum flasks, and there is also room for sandwich tin, cutlery, etc. The outside pockets take plates and saucers.

The original color scheme was bright apple-green canvas with an applique design on the outside in scarlet-and-white spotted cotton material, representing a cup and saucer and plate. An applique design of a vacuum flask also adorns the opposite side.

Materials: Two yards of 17in. canvas; tape, if necessary, for binding; scraps of material for applique (optional).

The shaded parts on the cutting-out diagram (illustrated below) show the unwanted pieces of canvas, so you will see there is very little waste.

If the canvas is a thick quality it may be difficult to stitch by machine, so it is advisable to use tape (dyed to match) for the edges, but an ordinary canvas can be turned down and hemmed quite easily.

The long strip, cut in halves, makes the two handles, and only one side need be hemmed, as the other will be selvaged.

These handles go right to the bottom of the bag to give added strength, and should be placed on as shown in diagram "A."

The top of the handles must be narrowed by folding in and over-sewing, as shown.

Next bind round the strip to hold the flasks, and stitch in position; if there is a little to spare it will form a slot to hold a knife.

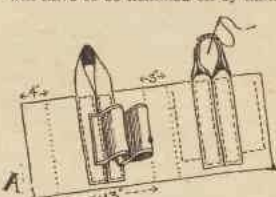
Slightly round two corners of the piece for the flap, bind all round, and stitch in position on the flask side of the bag.

Now make the applique design (if desired) and stitch it on to the

canvas which forms the pockets before making up.

This piece is afterwards folded as shown in diagram "B," allowing one top edge to come a little above the other; turn in edges and machine two rows of stitching down each side and across bottom and up middle to divide pockets.

If an applique design is also put on the opposite side of the bag it will have to be hemmed on by hand,



OUTSIDE POCKETS



DIAGRAMS "A" and "B" show how carrier is made. "C" shows suggested vacuum-flask applique on the back.

otherwise the stitching will interfere with the inside fixtures.

Seam up the bag (seam should come at corner), then fold it flat and stitch across the bottom.

The lines of fine dots on diagram "A" indicate where to fold to square up the corners. Now square the bottom to match as you would for an ordinary paper bag by tucking in the corners (note diagram "C").

Oversew all raw edges and it is ready to join the holiday-makers.



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Pyrex dishes available now include casseroles, pie plates, "individuals," baking dishes, cake plates, entrees, pie dishes, pudding bowls and utility dishes.

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CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Available from leading stores everywhere

Christmas CAKE



Full-flavored, easy to make

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

RICH fruit cake improves in flavor and cuts more smoothly if it is made several weeks before it is needed. The earlier the better is a good slogan when Christmas cakes are to be made.

This does not apply to the icing. Almond paste is best put on two or three days before the cake is to be cut. Then it should stand overnight before the final icing and decoration is applied.

The recipe used for the cake illustrated on this page has been well tested. The cake will keep in good condition for months.

Methods of mixing, cooking, and decorating are given in detail so that even if this is to be your first attempt the resulting cake may well be equal to that of the most experienced cooks.

The following hints are worth filing with the recipe:

- Fruit for cakes must be absolutely clean and dry. Packaged fruits are cleansed before packing, but, if coated with sugar, further washing is necessary to remove it. This should be done two or three days before the fruit is used, and the fruit spread on a flat tray and dried out in a very slow oven. Crystallised cherries should be treated in the same way.
- Butter and sugar cream more easily if the hand is used instead of a wooden spoon.
- Eggs should be broken one at a time into a cup, not dropped straight into the mixture.

A not-so-fresh egg cannot be removed completely once it's in the bowl!

- Essences and fruit rinds give a more even and lasting flavor if creamed with the shortening and sugar. Grate fruit rinds lightly, avoiding the white pith, which gives a bitter flavor.

- Dry ingredients should be sifted two or three times to ensure even mixing.

- Soaking fruit overnight in rum or brandy is not essential, but it does enrich the flavor of the fruit. If overnight soaking is omitted the rum or brandy is added to the mixture after fruit and dry ingredients.

- Paper lining of the tin should project at least 2 in. above rim of tin. This helps to prevent cake darkening too much on top. Covering the cake with a double thickness of brown paper for the last hour of cooking will also prevent excessive browning.

- It is not necessary to scoop or hollow top of mixture before placing in oven. A slowly baked cake should rise evenly.

- The recipe given here is sufficient for an 8 in. tin and yields a cake approximately 4½ lb. in weight.

- Double the quantity needs a 12 in. tin and cooks 5½ to 6 hours at 300deg. F.

- Half the quantity will be sufficient for a 5 in. tin, and cooks approximately 2½ hours at 325deg. F.

Continued on page 42

BEGINNING of a successful Christmas cake: Oven is heating, tin ready lined, mixture is being prepared according to our recipe. A large, smooth, unchipped basin, as shown above, allows air to circulate and ingredients to mix evenly.

LEFT: Ready for the oven—note smooth top of cake. Scooping centre of mixture is not necessary; a slowly baked cake rises evenly.


BELOW: Almond paste and fondant icing have been applied and now decoration is being completed. You can't go wrong if you follow the directions for decorating given on this page.

AT TOP: The finished cake—ready to be cut and tasted with a long, cool drink, and the old wish—"Merry Christmas."



SMOOTH, moist, even texture, free from holes, fruit evenly distributed, and good color . . . These are the points to look for when assessing the quality of fruit cake.

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 Your health depends on what you eat . . . Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily regularity . . . no medicines needed.

WHAT IT IS . . . First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a food. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation. Today's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk every day, otherwise — constipation!

WHAT IT DOES . . . Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Start to-morrow morning. Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.



True-to-life story

of Mrs. J. Carew, Panania, N.S.W.

" . . . was really worried."



1. "For many years I was troubled with constipation."



2. "I was really worried about my health."



3. "Then some time ago a friend of mine recommended your 'All-Bran'. I didn't think a food could cure constipation but I bought a packet just the same."



4. "Before I had finished the second packet I was back to regular health. I eat 'All-Bran' every morning with milk and sugar and I've never been troubled with constipation since."

(Mrs.) J. Carew.

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Whistling Kettle: Boiler: Heat-proof handle: Teapot: Cauldron: Off and on the shelf for 30 years. Solid drawn. It's solid drawn. It's solid drawn.

Recipe Contest:

Christmas pudding wins prize

• Advance preparations for Christmas are starting now, and the main prize in this week's recipe contest is awarded for a pudding.

HERE are a few general points on preparing ingredients, mixing and cooking the Christmas pudding.

Christmas pudding cooked in a basin keeps better than if cooked in a cloth.

Whether cooked in basin or cloth



VARIATION of Christmas mince tart: Roll 12oz. shortcrust thinly. Combine 1½ cups fruit, 1 cup diced apple, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind. Spoon on to pastry circles. Moisten edges, cover with remaining circles, pinch edges together. Sit tops, brush with milk. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in hot oven. Brush over warmed honey, sprinkle with nuts.



boil again 2 to 3 hours on day of serving. Finely minced suet may be used instead of butter. If suet is used, method of mixing is altered slightly.

Mix finely shredded suet with dry ingredients. Add fruit, breadcrumbs, sugar, and flavorings. Stir in beaten eggs and rum or brandy. Stand half an hour before turning into basin or cloth.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

Two and a half pounds mixed fruit (or 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants), 1lb. shredded candied peel, 1 pint rum or brandy, 1lb. butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 8 eggs, 2oz. blanched almonds, 12oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice, 1lb. fine white breadcrumbs.

Place fruit and peel in basin, cover with rum or brandy, soak overnight. Cream butter and sugar, add unbeaten eggs one at a time,



SUMMER SALAD: Line a serving dish with lettuce leaves, centre with diced potatoes masked with salad-dressing, make a border of peas, decorate with tomatoes.

mixing well. Stir in blanched almonds. Sift flour, soda, salt, nutmeg, and spice, mix well with breadcrumbs. Add to mixture alternately with soaked fruit. Turn mixture into 2 well-greased basins. Cover with greased paper, then pudding-cloth, tied firmly in position. Place in boiling water, boil steadily 7 to 8 hours. Leave in basin, boil again 2 to 3 hours day of serving.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Mitchell, "The Laurels," Fyngrove, N.S.W.

MOCK CHICKEN ROLL

Half cup milk, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 cups finely minced cooked veal or rabbit, 2 tablespoons finely minced ham or boiled bacon, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon finely minced shallot, salt and pepper to taste, 2 eggs, browned breadcrumbs.

Warm milk, pour over white breadcrumbs, stand 1 hour. Fold in meat, carrot, shallot, salt and pepper, and beaten eggs. Turn mixture on to floured pudding-cloth, form into a roll. Roll up the securely. Place into boiling water, cook 1½ hours. Remove from cloth, roll in browned breadcrumbs. Chill well before slicing and serving with salad greens.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Ryder, 18 Barkly St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Christmas cake . . . continued from page 41

Two and a half pounds mixed fruit, 1lb. crystallised or drained cherries, 1lb. shredded peel, 4 tablespoons rum or brandy, 1lb. butter, 1lb. brown sugar, grated rind of 1 small orange and lemon, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 1 teaspoon caramel or parisian essence, 4 eggs, 1oz. dark chocolate, 2oz. ground almonds, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 19oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice.

Place mixed fruit, cherries, and peel into a basin. Add rum or brandy, mix well, and stand overnight. Cream butter thoroughly with sugar, fruit rinds, and essences. Add marmalade and caramel. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Break chocolate into small pieces, place in tiny basin in boiling water until melted. Stir into cake. Mix ground almonds and walnuts with prepared fruit; add alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Turn into 8in. square or round cake-tin lined with three layers of brown paper and one layer of white paper. Place in lower half of very moderate oven heated to 325deg. F. Keep oven temperature steady, bake 4 to 4½ hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1½ hours. Allow to cool in tin. Remove from tin, leave paper on cake, and wrap in clean paper, then in large towel until ready to ice and decorate.

ECONOMICAL ALMOND PASTE

One pound icing-sugar, 2oz. fine white breadcrumbs, 2oz. ground almonds (bitter almond-meal gives best result), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 scant teaspoon almond essence, 2 tablespoons sherry or orange juice, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift icing-sugar, mix with bread-

crumbs and ground almonds. Mould with the hands to a stiff dry paste, with beaten egg-yolk mixed with sherry and essences. Turn on to board dusted with sifted icing-sugar, knead slightly, press or roll to fit top of cake. Brush cake with warmed apricot jam or slightly beaten egg-white. Carefully lift almond paste on to cake. Using the hands (lightly dusted with icing-sugar) mould almond paste over cake. Commence from middle of top, and press and work paste over top and down sides. Mould as evenly as possible so that paste is an even thickness on top and sides. Lastly, smooth surface with the hand dusted with icing-sugar. Stand overnight to dry slightly before covering with fondant icing.

DECORATION FOR CAKE

One teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 4 tablespoons icing-sugar, few drops vanilla, holly leaves, cardboard pattern of Christmas trees (3 different sizes), 2 paper icing-bags, 2 icing-pipes (type known as writing-pipes), red and green coloring.

Make icing-bags this way: Cut greaseproof paper into a 9in. square. Cut to form two triangles. Fold into cone shape, making point of cone opposite apex of triangle. Secure with small pin. Snip off point of cone, insert writing-pipe. Prepare two of these bags. If writing-pipes are not available, snip point of cone to leave a round hole about the size of a large pin-head. Place butter and milk into small saucepan, heat slowly until butter melts. Add to thoroughly sifted icing-sugar in a basin, mix to a paste. Add vanilla. Mixture should hold its shape on the spoon — if too stiff it will not pipe smoothly, and paper bags will burst. Divide

prepared icing into 2 basins. Color one portion red, the other green. Place cardboard or paper pattern of Christmas trees lightly on top of cake. Using a large pin, prick round outline of trees, leaving a pin-pricked pattern on top of cake. Carefully remove paper pattern. Fill one icing-bag with red icing, one with green. Twist tops of bags to prevent icing coming out. Holding icing-bag as illustrated, exert steady even pressure, and follow pin-pricked pattern of trees, using red icing. Using green icing, complete tree-trunks. Squeeze a small quantity of icing on to backs of holly-leaves and press lightly into position on sides of cake.

CREAMY FONDANT ICING

Two pounds crystal sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 teaspoon vanilla, any desired coloring. Place sugar, water, and glucose into enamel-lined saucepan. Place over low heat and stir until sugar dissolves. Remove spoon, increase heat, place lid on. Boil quickly 1 minute, remove lid. Boil to 240deg. F., or test by dropping a little into cold water. It should be easily kneaded by the fingers to form a soft, firm ball. Pour into a basin. When cool, beat with wooden spoon or spatula until thick and creamy. Remove from basin on to large, wet meat-dish. Knead and squeeze between the hands until mixture becomes smooth and creamy. Put vanilla on to fondant a few drops at a time, and knead with the hands until well mixed. Add liquid coloring in the same way. Pat fondant out into a thick, circular shape. Lift on to cake (previously covered with almond paste) and mould with the hands until cake is evenly covered on top and sides. Decorate as desired. Allow to stand 24 hours before cutting.

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Number 6



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N.B.: When ordering "Edith" or "Edna," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



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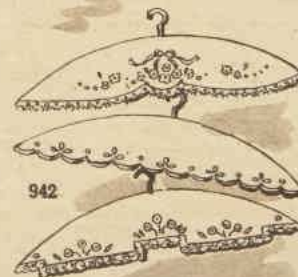
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Cuticura OINTMENT



A SET of heat-proof place mats, like those shown on the dining-table at left, makes a delightful Christmas gift. Directions for making them at home are given below.

Table-mats as Christmas gifts

● Sets of heat-proof table-mats, which are expensive to buy, may be made at home easily by following these simple directions.

A SET of six place mats and two larger ones for meat or vegetable dishes costs about £1, made at home.

If you make two or three sets at the one time, some of the materials can be used for all the sets, and the cost of each reduced.

Prints for the mats usually cost from 6d. to 1/3 each. Patterned or plain wallpaper could be substituted. Base of the mat is masonite.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

Prints: Select these before you decide on the size of the mat. You will also want to choose lacquer to tone with them. You may get the prints at some city stores, or from small antique shops.

Suggestions are: Flower studies, particularly for breakfast sets; rural scenes; tropical scenes or ships for the holiday house by the sea; ballet prints or reproductions of the pictures of old masters for more formal dinner mats.

Australian landscapes or flowers would be interesting to overseas friends.

Masonite: Quantity is determined by number of mats required. A handy man to do the cutting is an asset.

Clear Varnish and Size: Can be bought at most hardware stores.

Felt: Obtainable in toy-making sections of bigger stores. Half a yard to 1 yard will be needed, depending on number of mats in set.

Glue: Get firm-sticking glue. The type used for putting snaps in photograph albums is ideal.

Brushes: You'll need quite a few

to allow a clean one for each new paint. Two or three big ones, 1 glue brush and a smaller one for edges is a wise choice.

Lacquer: One tin in a color to tone with prints and 1 tin of gold lacquer—the kind used for regilding evening shoes.

● Cut masonite to size and smooth over. Give coat of size, let dry.

● Paint on colored lacquer with a smooth clean brush—this is important. Leave to dry as long as possible. Two days is best, so that the paint is really hard and set.

● Next, carefully calculate centre of mat and glue on print. Give the glue time to harden—about half an hour is usually enough.

● Then apply clear varnish with another clean brush over the whole of the top surface. This preserves your picture and enables the mat to be wiped over with a damp cloth after use.

If you wish, after varnish is thoroughly dry, finish edges of mats with a coat or two of gold paint and add a line or lines around the print. This may be difficult to do, as it is hard not to smear the paint; but use an ordinary pen and wait till the first line is dry before drawing the second.

Finally, when the mats are completely dry, glue a piece of felt over bottom surface of masonite. This prevents the scratching of polished surfaces and also makes the mats more resistant to heat.

Now you have a delightful gift for one of your special friends. Wrap the set in attractive paper, tie with festive ribbon, and tuck a real flower from your garden under the bow and present it proudly.



LACQUER or enamel must be applied to masonite slabs with a smooth, clean brush.



BE CAREFUL to glue print to centre of mat. Allow glue to harden, then apply clear varnish.



FINAL STEP: Glue felt to base of mat, trim edges. This prevents scratching of dining-table.

First-aid to the unconscious By MEDICO

A MAN is lying on the footpath outside my house," called my next-door neighbor through the hedge. "What can I do to help him?"

"It all depends on the cause," I called back, as I collected my emergency bag from the surgery on my way through to the front.

As we bent down together over the prostrate body, my neighbor noticed that his breath smelt of whisky.

"Don't be misled too easily by a smell like that," I told her. "Many a seriously ill man has died of neglect, or in a prison cell, because someone had come to a hasty decision that he was drunk. The man may have felt an illness coming on, and had a drink in the vain hope

that it would make him feel better," I said.

"First thing to do after loosening his collar and waist-belt is to look for signs of an injury before he is moved. A broken limb may be made worse by unskilled movement. Next thing is to look inside his coat for a warning label.

"And here it is," I announced, as I drew a card out of his pocket.

"I am an epileptic, and I may be found unconscious. Please telephone this number and a car will come for me immediately. In the meantime keep me warm with my overcoat. I generally recover in about ten minutes."

"What a wise man he is," I said. "A card like this should be in the pocket of every sufferer from troubles like this. In the same way

a card with instructions to give a teaspoon of sugar in half a cup of water should be in the pocket of every diabetic sufferer who is taking insulin. An overdose of insulin can cause loss of consciousness, which is quickly relieved by a dose of sugar."

"Under what conditions should an unconscious person be given a spoonful of brandy?" asked my neighbor when the man had been taken away in his car.

"There are none," I told her. "In fact, except for the insulin overdose, no fluid should be given to an unconscious patient until he is sufficiently recovered to swallow. The fluid may trickle into his lungs and drown him. Alcohol in any form is especially dangerous when there has been a head injury."



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3/C-47

Jantzen

sunclothes for lasting glamor



- ★ Both shirt and shorts of imported Irish "Moygashel".
- ★ Shirt has side zipper placket and shoulder padding to retain straight line.
- ★ Note wide belt on shorts.
- ★ Side zipper placket and inset pocket at waistband.
- ★ Delightful colors are a feature of these perfectly tailored sunclothes.

This two piece set also in imported Irish "Moygashel". The shirt print is exclusively Jantzen's in a five color combination. Shorts have zipper side placket and inset pocket at waist. Here again is a splendid range of sun fast colors.

That famous Jantzen Glamor is now going into sunclothes.

Man-tailored shorts that keep their line and give a line where a lady needs it most. In all your sunny days you've never seen shorts like this before. There are Jantzen shirts to team up with them. They are starring together in every store. All in marvellous colors. Shirts and shorts may be bought separately or as a set.

Obtainable only from Retail Stores.



Fashion PATTERNS

F4921.—A button-up coat frock has a shirtwaist bodice top. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/10.

F4922.—Skirt drapery on an afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/10.

F4923.—Sunsuit with cut-out bodice sections. Sizes 32 to 33in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/8.

F4924.—Sunfrock and matching bolero. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for dress and 1yd. 36in. material for bolero. Pattern 2/8.

F4925.—Glamorous trousseau nightgown. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. chiffon and 1yd. satin. Pattern 1/11.

F4926.—A cool one-piece dress styled for cotton. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern 1/10.



TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Sales Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 44.



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